DID JESSE JAMES ATTEND HIS OWN FUNERAL???

TRUE FRONTIER

ACTUAL STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

MARCH 35¢

THE DOOLIN GANG'S LAST SHOOT-OUT!

He struck TERROR to APACHE HEARTS

THE GREATEST WOMAN GAMBLER IN THE WEST

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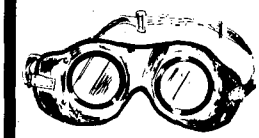

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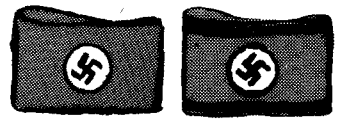

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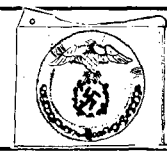
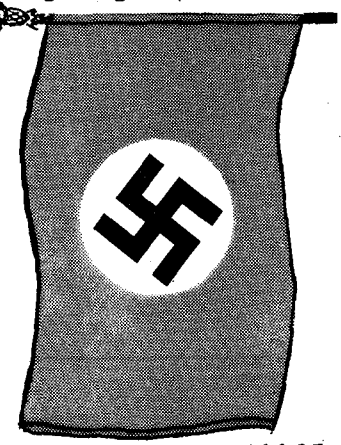


SWASTIKA FLAGS
Hamburg manufacture. Early '40s
Bright red ground, white circle.



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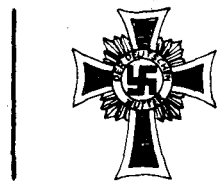

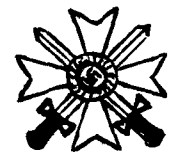

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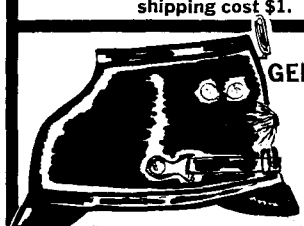

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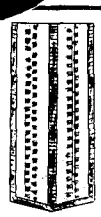
Pretty! Hard plastic. Current German manufacture for West Berlin police, this is same style as used by early SS police. Complete with liner, colorful insignia.



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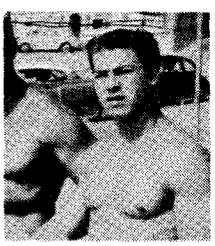

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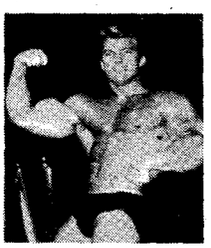
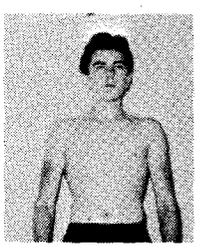


AFTER

Larry Scott had a "fair" physique that weighed in at 165. He wanted extra pounds for a champion-caliber body, but extra-large meals only bloated him — and he stayed at 165. Then Larry discovered Crash Weight No. 7! His weight jumped from a too slender 165 to a muscular 215 pounds — and he went on to win Mr. America — Mr. Universe bodybuilding awards! LARRY GAINED 50 POUNDS!



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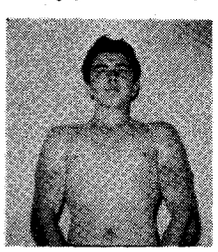
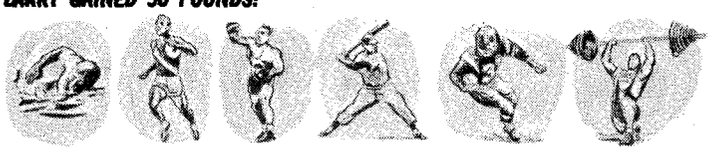


AFTER

Paul Zsoldos of Manville, N.J. was growing upwards in a hurry; at 15 he was 6'1' and still growing! The only problem was that he began to look like a praying mantis with stilt-like legs and toothpick arms! Eating more food didn't help Paul, but delicious, easy-to-digest Crash Weight No. 7 gave Paul 7 POUNDS IN 7 DAYS AND ADDED A BIG 4" TO HIS CHEST!



Crash Weight No. 7 gives you the pounds you need for rugged contact sports!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE (but your skinniness)...
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If Crash Weight No. 7 doesn't work for you, return the No. 7 canisters in their original package, and I'LL SEND YOUR MONEY BACK!
Sincerely yours,
Joe Weider, "Trainer of Champions"

JOE WEIDER Dept. 52-18K
531 32nd Street
Union City, New Jersey

Dear Joe:

You bet I want to gain up to a pound a day the e-a-s-y way! RUSH me my supply of Crash Weight No. 7 so that I can start to drink on pounds without exercise! Also, I get full benefit of the "Money Back Guarantee"!

CHECK ONE OF THE PLANS BELOW:

☐ **7-Day Supply of Crash Weight No. 7 (Up to 7 Pounds in 7 Days!) $6.50**
Check flavor desired: ☐ **Chocolate** ☐ **Vanilla**

☐ **14-Day Supply of Crash Weight No. 7 (Up to 14 Pounds in 14 Days) $12.98**
Check flavor desired: ☐ **Chocolate** ☐ **Vanilla**

I enclose $..... in full payment for the plan I have checked. PLEASE RUSH!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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Dear Sirs:

We moved from Oklahoma to Arizona in 1918. Indians were still running around in wagons and on horseback. So were part of the Whites. There were more Indians on Salt River Reservation then than there are now by a long shot. The City of Scottsdale was nearly all desert, but that is where we settled down. Scottsdale only had one grocery store. The view of Camelback Mountain was always something we could enjoy as well as the sight of Squaw Peak.

I was reading in your magazine some story in which there was an Indian and soldier fight near here. During the fight, the soldiers shot three Indian squaws and some children. Is this the reason the mountain near Scottsdale is named Squaw Peak?

Mrs. George Nieman
Phoenix, Arizona

We haven't been able to find out the answer to this question, but possibly some old-timers around your own area would have some clue which would help the Arizona Historical Society guide you to an answer. We are sorry to be unable to answer this question for you, but suggest you contact your own State Historical Society.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed the article about the 101 Ranch but was somewhat irked that no mention was made of me, nor my act in the show from 1929 until the show closed in 1931.

I was even billed above Jack Hoxie, and was known as "Suicide Ted Elder" for my act of jumping two horses over a car, while standing on their backs, it was called a Roman Standing Jump, and sometimes I used one horse. I always led the parade with the two horses on each side of the car; the blankets on the horses read "Suicide Ted's Jumping Horses." This act of mine had not been done before.

I am not expecting any special consideration but only want the truth acknowledged. I do not know why I have been ignored nor why I was not included in the otherwise well-written article.

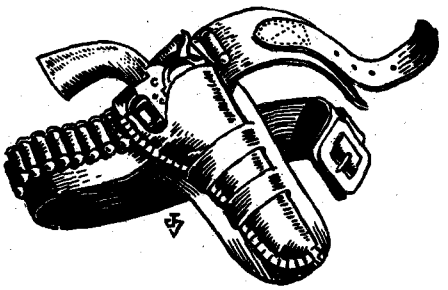
Sincerely Yours,
Ted Elder
San Bernardino, Calif.

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed your first issue very much but wish to take exception to the location of Fort Washita in Mary McCracken's story. It is located only a few miles north of Durant in southeastern Oklahoma, **not** southwestern Oklahoma. The first time I was there was many years ago, and now there is a sign on U.S. Highway 69 showing where to turn off not many miles north of Durant where Southeastern College is located.

Sincerely Yours,
Ira P. Vinson
Muskogee, Oklahoma

Mr. Vinson is quite right, of course, and Miss McCracken's face is charmingly pink while ours is very red. However, it really was a typographical error.



Dear Smoke Signals:

I have a very special request for you.

My hobby for many years has been the study of films and their fascinating history. My special interests have been the Westerns, followed by stuntmen, serials, two-reelers and family-type films. If any of your readers has any movie material (book, annual, magazine, etc.) which they are fixing to destroy, I would appreciate having it.

I am 29, single and permanently disabled from rheumatic fever.

Sincerely, an avid film fan.

Earl Atwell
Route 2
Horse Cave, Ky. 42749

Anyone who would like to help out our film fan-reader, please send the material directly to him at the address above.

Dear Editor:

I have your first three issues and found all the stories very interesting and to the point. Keep up the wonderful work you are doing.

One thing that interests me most is your covers. Could you please write something about the artist who draws them? Maybe with some extra drawings and a picture of the person who draws them. A little information on where he or she studied art, where he grew up and so on.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Gloria Perales
Santa Monica, Calif.

We believe Mrs. Perales is quite right and thank her for the great idea. The artist's name is John Duillo, and he lives not far from our office right here on Long Island. You'll find all the pertinent information about him in RENDEZVOUS along with some of our writers.

MAJOR MAGAZINES
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TRUE FRONTIER

ACTUAL STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

MARCH, 1968

VOL. 1, NO. 4

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CONSULTING EDITOR

Professor Foster-Harris, University of Oklahoma, author of "The Look Of The Old West"

PUBLISHER Robert C. Sproul

EDITOR Frank Grant

ART DIRECTOR Charles Foster

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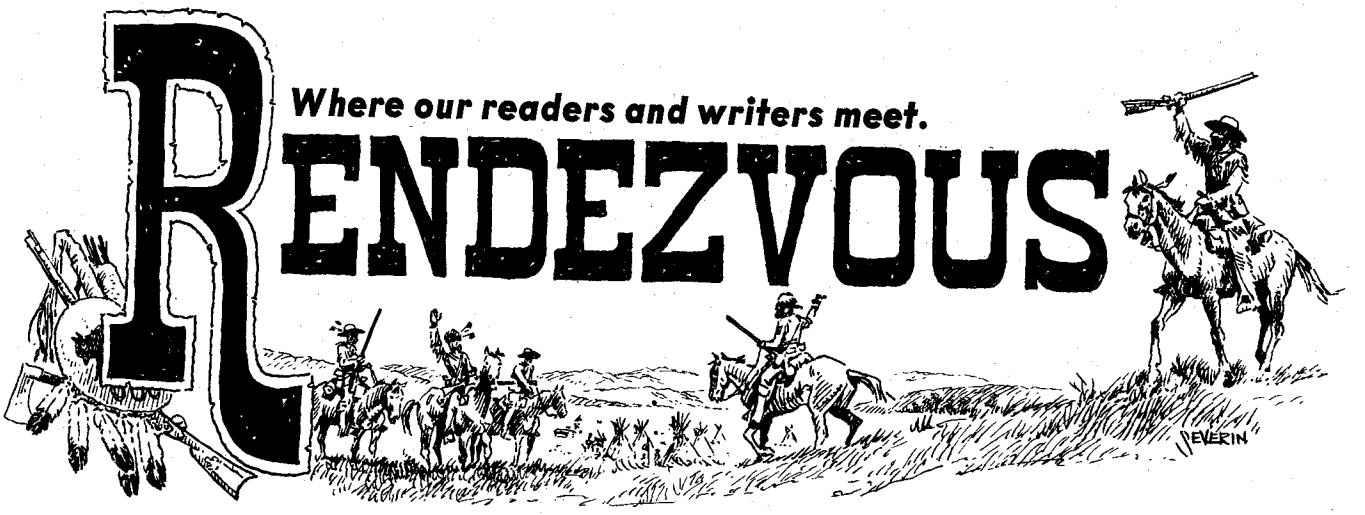


JOHN DUILLO, our cover artist, tells us he was born and brought up in Brooklyn, New York where he went to school. He specialized early in music and art, studying at The Art Student's League and The New School For Social Research. He did his time in the Navy, where he specialized in aerial photography and later, after serving, he took up photography as a profession. During this period, he photographed many stars and celebrities for various magazines and newspapers as well as glamour models for advertising photographs.

All along his real love was painting, however, and he returned to it after making his living as a photographer. His interest in Western lore and scenes dates from an early age when he used to visit the Museum of Natural History on his Saturday outings as a kid in Brooklyn. It was the Indians and aboriginal peoples of the New World in general which made him begin his studies of the American Indian in particular. He used to go there to sketch and later in his professional life to study for detail and do research on background and the modes of the Indians he was depicting at that time.

John says: "I think it was the fact that all I ever saw as a kid was concrete and brick which made me want the wide, open spaces of the country and particularly the West. As a young art student I stumbled on the great painters of the West such as Remington and Russell, and later fine illustrators like Harold Von Schmidt. When this happened I was hooked. It was the West all the way from then on.

"Oddly enough I enjoy the research nearly as much as the actual painting of my subject. There is nothing so fascinating as chasing down the origin and design of a detail such as a belt buckle, shoe or what-have-you. I'm never really satisfied with a painting until I know that the details are right."

John's wife is also an illustrator and their two young daughters, Melissa and Bettina, seem to be leaning in the same direction, so John tells us.

The Duillos live not far from our offices on Long Island—which makes it handy for everyone concerned.

PHILIP MALOCSAY, was born in Miami, Oklahoma, where his father is a Cessna aircraft dealer and manager of the local airport. Like many Oklahoma boys, young Philip learned to sit a horse at an early age and later learned to trap, hunt and roll his own.

When he was small, he liked to listen to his grandmother tell about how Bat Masterson saved the life of her father, who was a frontier doctor. Other relatives included pioneers and cavalry scouts. In fact, Philip's mother, whose grandparents came west from Ohio in covered wagons, was born and raised in Buhl, Idaho on the site of the Old Oregon Trail.

At 10, Malocsay was out knocking down doves and rabbits with a 20 gauge, and later he graduated to the steel trap. More than once he tangled with a live, trapped muskrat on the ponds near his home.

"Out near the airport," Malocsay said, "there used to be places big and wide enough so that a small boy on a fast horse could get the feel of the old West—in his imagination anyway. But as I grew up, factories developed on my hunting grounds and more fences cut up the places where I used to ride. I always thought that gave me a feel for the story of the West."

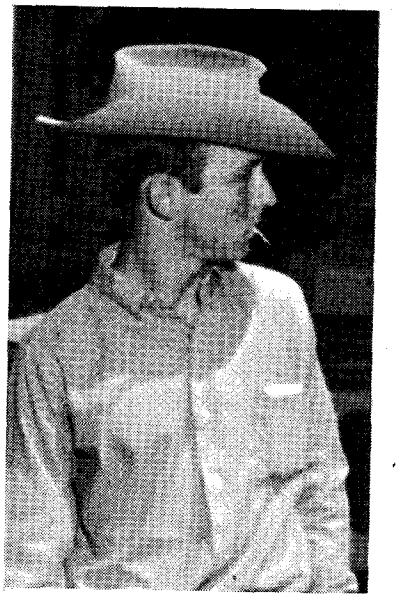
Malocsay first became interested in writing in junior high. He worked on the school newspapers in both junior and senior high school, and when he enrolled in Northeastern Oklahoma A&M at Miami, the editor of the Miami Daily News-Record offered him a job.

"I worked for the News-Record for two years as a general reporter and photographer. Jess Heck, my editor, taught me quite a bit, and it's a good thing, too, because I was also majoring in journalism at NEOA&M at the same time. And one semester I was editor of the college newspaper, The Norse Wind."

In 1966 he was graduated from Northeastern Oklahoma A&M with a 3.78 grade point average on a four point scale, and enrolled at the University of Oklahoma, where he made the all "A" list his first semester.

Malocsay is presently a student at the University of Oklahoma, majoring in Journalism.

Included with his information about himself, Mr. Malocsay sent up a clipping from his local newspaper which merely bears out our own editorial opinion and doesn't surprise us at all. We quote: "Philip Malocsay, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Nelson Malocsay, was honored Friday at the 29th annual professional writing short course banquet at the University of Oklahoma, Norman.



"Malocsay, a senior in the professional writing school at OU, received a certificate of recognition for his short story 'A Good-Bye' in the fiction competition of the annual short course.

"The award was presented by the head of the school at the awards banquet on Friday night.

"Malocsay is a graduate of Miami high school and Northeastern A&M. He is a former staff member of the Miami News-Record."

We're only sorry we don't publish fiction. Otherwise, we'd run that prize-winning story.

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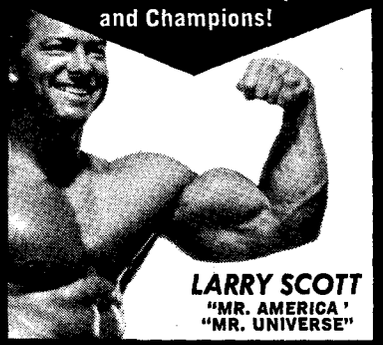
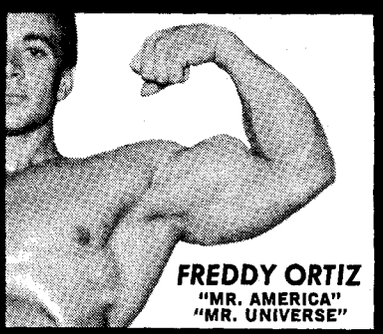


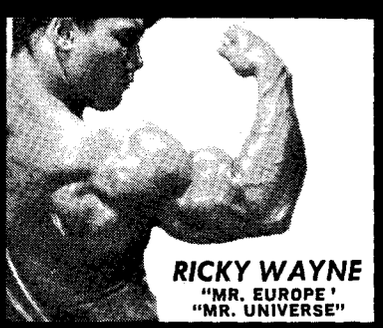
LARRY SCOTT
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Twice "Mr. Olympia" winner—Larry stands 5' 7", weighs 205 lbs. and has a pair of 20" arms! He is considered one of the world's best-built men—but he was a 136-lb. *weakling before mailing the coupon!* **This Can Happen To You Too!**



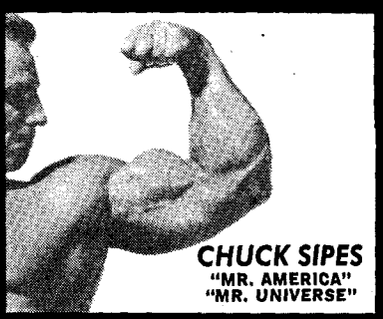
FREDDY ORTIZ
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Freddy stands 5' 5", weighs 185 lbs. of rock-hard muscle. His arms measure 19" and he is considered the best-built short man in the world. Yet, he was a 115-lb. skinny weakling before sending in the coupon! **Why Not You?**



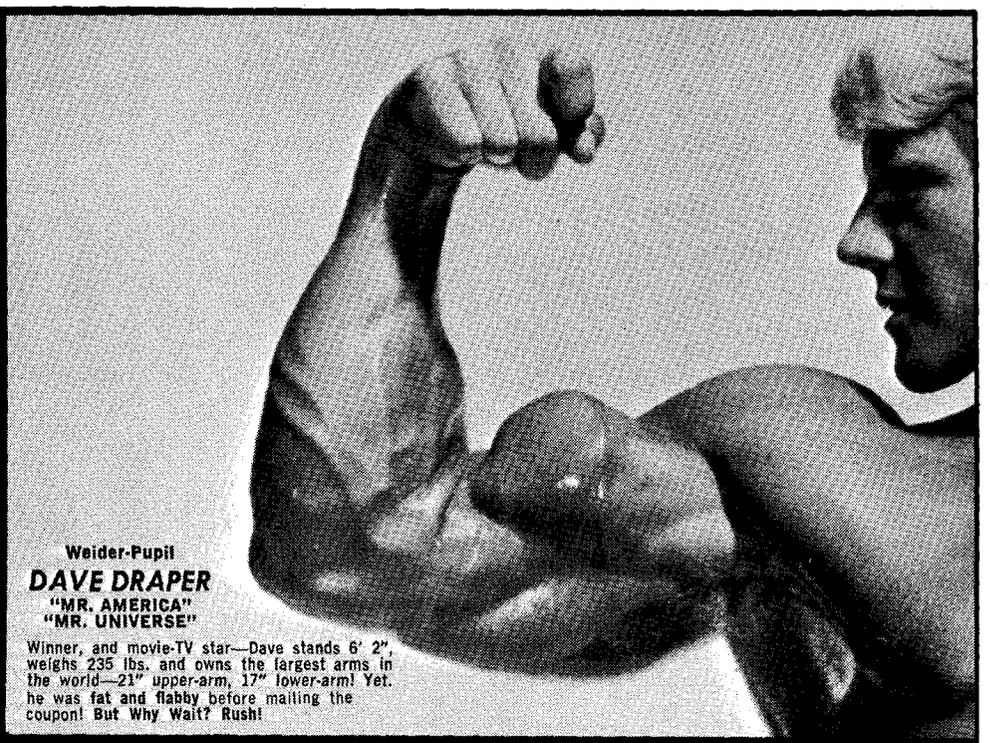
RICKY WAYNE
"MR. EUROPE"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Ricky is 5' 8", weighs 198 lbs. of *Herculean muscle.* His arms measure a full 19¼", and he is considered the best-built man in Europe today. He weighed a pityfull 123 lbs. before sending the coupon! **And It Can Happen To You!**



CHUCK SIPES
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Chuck stands 6', weighs 225 lbs., and has a pair of 20" arms—among the strongest in the world! He was a 141-lb. weakling before sending in the free coupon! **Now How About You?**



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DAVE DRAPER
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner, and movie-TV star—Dave stands 6' 2", weighs 235 lbs. and owns the largest arms in the world—21" upper-arm, 17" lower-arm! Yet, he was fat and flabby before mailing the coupon! **But Why Wait? Rush!**

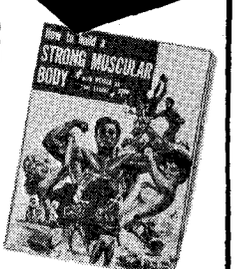
FREE! MUSCLE COURSE THAT CAN ADD 3 INCHES TO YOUR ARMS *FAST!*

...AND MAKE YOU INTO AN ATHLETIC VIRILE HE-MAN!!

In half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes a day, I will, through my "TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE" that I want to send you FREE, guarantee that virtually overnight, you will experience a muscle-building miracle! Before your eyes you'll slap on inches of steel-hard muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give yourself life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy, athletic legs. Add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest, skinniest or funniest-looking body, whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy or businessman, I must make a new, virile he-man out of you—with handsome muscles bursting out all over! They will ripple with power, vibrate with energy! And for the fist time in your life, men will envy your body—women admire it, because at last you will own a body that brings you fame instead of shame! What I did for Dave Draper "Mr. Universe" winner, and for hundreds of other champions since 1936, I am ready to do for you! A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength! Fill out the coupon below NOW! Rush it to me—and in hours, with no charge to you—at my own expense, you too, like Dave Draper did, will start putting an end to your weakness! You have nothing to lose but your weakness! ACT NOW!—SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

THIS GIANT 32 PAGE COURSE

ABSOLUTELY FREE!



WRITE TO: JOE WEIDER Dept. 52-18G
TRAINER OF CHAMPIONS SINCE 1936,
531-32nd Street, Union City, N.J. 07087

JOE WEIDER
Personal trainer of "Mr. America" "Mr. Universe" "Mr. Canada" perfect men title winners since 1936 — and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!

Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I am saying YES to becoming a **New Man!** Rush me your free Muscle-Building information which I can use right now at home to build a handsome and useful body.

I enclose only 10c to cover the cost of handling and mailing. I am under no further obligation.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

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(Please print clearly)

I have √ where I need more muscle:

I Want: ☐ Bigger Arms ☐ Larger Neck ☐ Deeper Chest
☐ Trim Waist ☐ Athletic Legs ☐ Added Weight
☐ Broader Shoulders ☐ More Endurance and Power

MAIL COUPON TODAY! NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!

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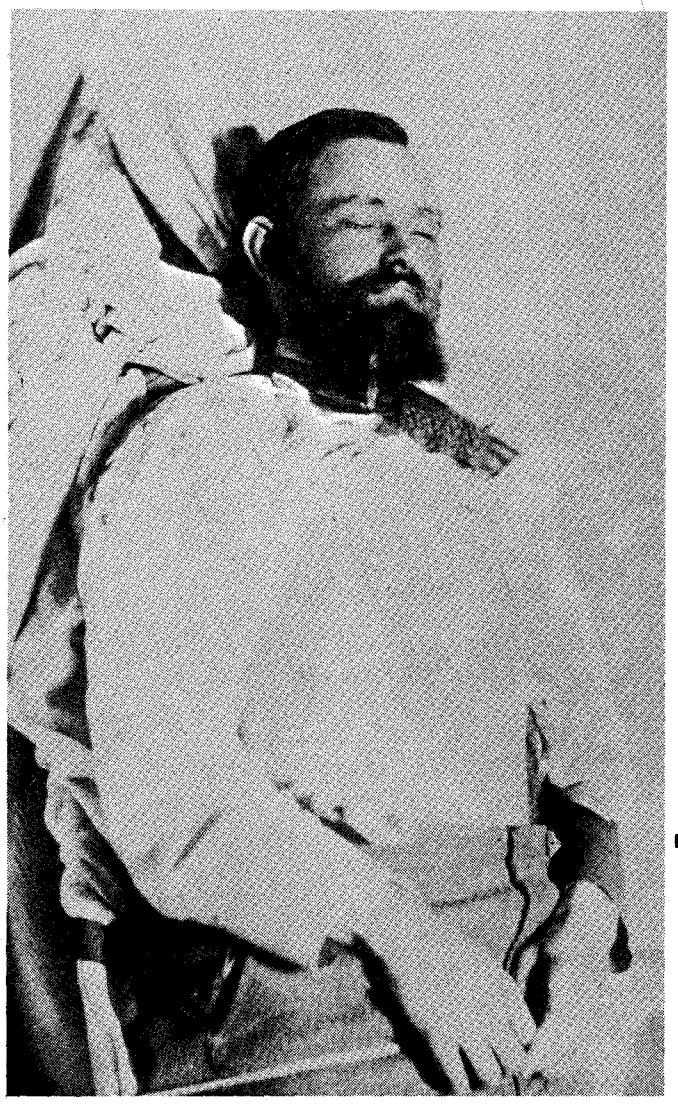
DID JESSE JAMES ATTEND HIS



(photo courtesy University of Oklahoma Library)

Jesse James as he lay on the mortician's slab in St. Joseph, Missouri.

by Wilson Edmondson

DID HISTORY CONSPIRE TO HIDE THE IDENTITY OF THE

"JESSE JAMES IS ALIVE! IN LAWTON!"

These were the bold, black letters that bannered the front page of the Lawton *Constitution* on May 19, 1948.

The man who claimed to be the old, notorious outlaw was himself in Lawton, Oklahoma, where he had been concealing his true identity under the alias of Colonel J. Frank Dalton.

Why did Dalton—at that time, over 100-years-old—return from the dead? Why did he upset historians and rekindle one of the most fantastic controversies in recent times? Was he the real Jesse Woodson James, the most wanted and hunted criminal during the post-Civil War era? Could he really prove that Bob Ford didn't kill him in Missouri in 1882?

These were the questions asked by reporters and historians. J. Frank Dalton wasn't the first to be confronted with these questions. There had been other impostors in the past.

It had all started as the result of a 15-year search by Lawton treasure seeker, Joe Hunter. Hunter was after the lengendary, buried loot of the James gang, some of which he believed to be hidden in the sprawling Wichita Mountains northwest of Lawton, once the old haunt of the infamous outlaw.

Hunter had accidentally come by the treasure maps, which had been given to him in Rush Springs by an old man who gave his name only as Cook. At that time, Hunter served as a peace officer, and had no idea that the oldster's story would enrapture him in a treasure hunt for the remainder of his days.

In that search, Hunter had actually unearthed some gold, old coins, jewels and numerous clues in the Keechi Hills that lured him always onward. But the big catch was that these maps were part of a secret code employed by the James boys while burying their loot. More of the cryptic writing had to be broken if Hunter were ever to find the $2,000,000 treasure, consisting of some 18 burro loads of Mexican gold bullion hidden in 1876.

Earlier in 1948, the Lawton newspaper carried a story on Hunter and his long quest for the legendary gold hidden by Jesse and Frank James and other members of the deadly gang, telling of Hunter's partial success. The story lighted a regular fuse of memories in unraveling the age-old mystery.

Hunter started receiving letters from assorted persons,

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including one Orvus Lee Howk, who now goes by the name of Jesse James III. Howk seemed to know almost as much about the strange treasure code as did Hunter himself. After exchanging several letters, Howk was on the telephone, asking to arrange a meeting with Hunter.

Agreeing on a time and place, Howk arrived late one night and the secret conference began. Howk said flatly that the accepted story that Jesse James was killed on April 3, 1882, simply wasn't true. The whole affair had been a put-up hoax, and that Jesse James was still living. Hunter was frankly incredulous, but what could he lose?

At times, Howk's story dovetailed with the facts Hunter himself had uncovered in his own search for the hidden treasure.

One of the chief clues to the buried loot which Hunter had found was the brass bucket on wwhich was chiseled a strange contract and the names of eleven outlaws, most of whom were unknown to history. Hunter unearthed the famous brass bucket at the foot of Tarbone Mountain on the northern edge of the rugged Wichitas.

"This, the 5th day of March, 1876, the year of our Lord . . ." began the secret pact. Engraved below the contract were these names: Jesse James, Frank Miller, George Overton, Rub Busse, Charles Jones, Cole Younger, Uncle George Payne, Frank James, Roy Baxter, Bud Dalton and Mack Smith.

Howk related how he'd been told of the brass bucket years before by Jesse James, the man who had cut the contract on the bucket and then buried it.

Hunter knew that whether or not the real Jesse James

(photo courtesy University of Oklahoma Library)

Jesse James as a young man of 17. Note number of guns he carried even in a more or less formal portrait.

OWN FUNERAL?

TRUE JESSE JAMES THAT DAY IN MISSOURI?

had told Howk about the brass bucket, someone who knew about it had told Howk. This was what interested Joe Hunter, the owner of the bucket upon which was the strange pact formed by the deadly brigands some 72 years before.

It is known that Jesse and Frank James had holed up in the Wichita Mountains as early as 1867, for they visited a prospector there, fresh from the mining camps of the West, one George W. Ison. The year before, Ison had staked his mining claim at the foot of Charons Garden Mountain. Before that, he had served in the 16th Regiment, Company A, of the Tennessee Cavalry of the Confederate Army, and for a time he'd ridden with Morgan's Raiders.

On his return trip to the Wichitas in 1867, Ison was again making assay tests, a trade he'd picked up in Colorado. Indians were numerous enough, but there were others in these maze of canyons who were just as dangerous. Ison didn't have to look for them. The signs were clear enough. And the day came when he had uninvited company.

While the prospector squatted at the edge of a stream with a large gold pan in hand, several men rode swiftly down from a nearby hill. Before Ison could grab his rifle, they had him surrounded. Each rider was armed to the teeth. Black beards hung from their grim faces. Shortly they introduced themselves.

Two were Jesse and Frank James. Another was Cole Younger. Ison had already met some of the boys when he was a member of Morgan's Raiders. Naturally, their conversation turned to past memories. Each man was seeking his fortune, in one form or the other.

Frank James returned to his old stomping grounds after the country was opened to settlement. This time, he purchased a 160-acre farm two miles north of Fletcher, located between the Wichita Mountains and the Keechi Hills, the place where Frank was later to dig up $5,000 of the outlaw loot.

Lawton's *Daily News-Republican* reported on November 18, 1907, that Frank was then building his new home, and was quite busy in the meantime celebrating Oklahoma statehood.

On the sandy, land farm, Frank worked a plot of ground and planted a grove of peach trees. Just before the veteran outlaw's mother died in 1910, she visited Frank and his wife, Ann, at their farm. While en route

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to Missouri, the grand, old lady died in Oklahoma City.

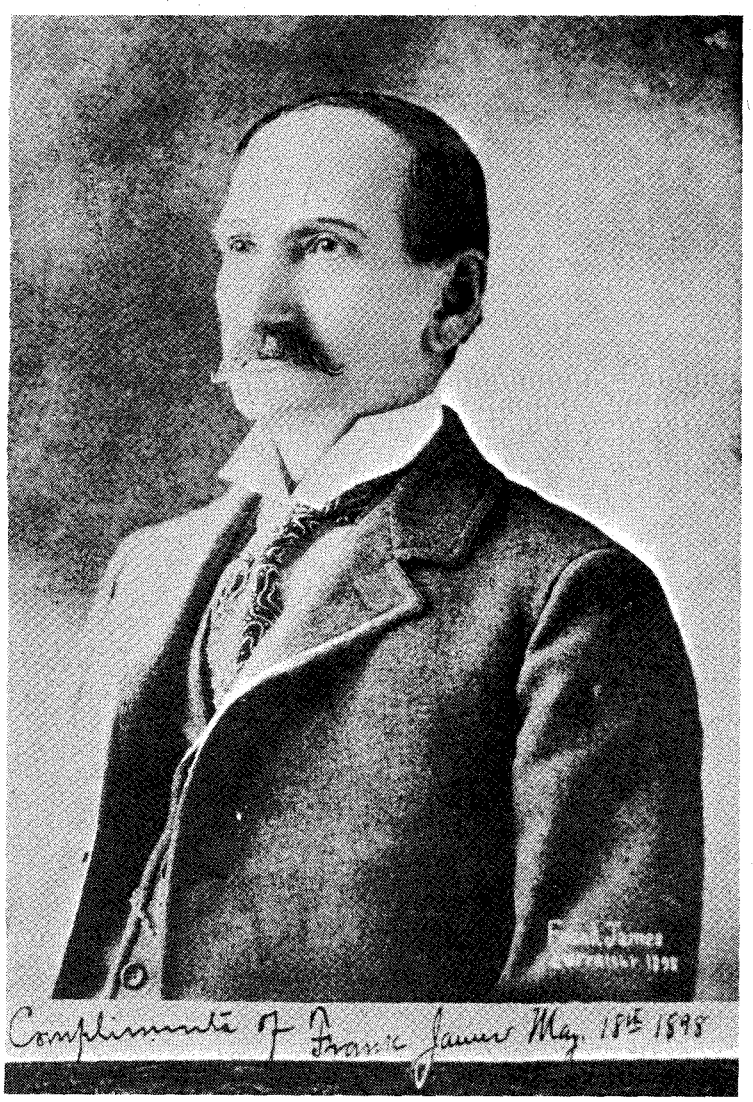
Old-timers say Frank James wore out six horses riding the old trails, seeking the right landmarks to the golden treasure he and Jesse had hidden. The old settler, Uncle Billy Royce, was around when Frank unearthed part of the loot in the Keechi Hills, on the farm adjoining Mrs. Belle Hedlund's, which Frank had periodically visited during his long search.

It was on the Hedlund farm that Joe Hunter unearthed part of the loot in 1937, after Mrs. Hedlund had discovered the strange rock which Frank had so patiently sought, yet had missed by a few feet. Where Frank had failed, Joe Hunter had succeeded with the help of the maps given him by the old man, Cook.

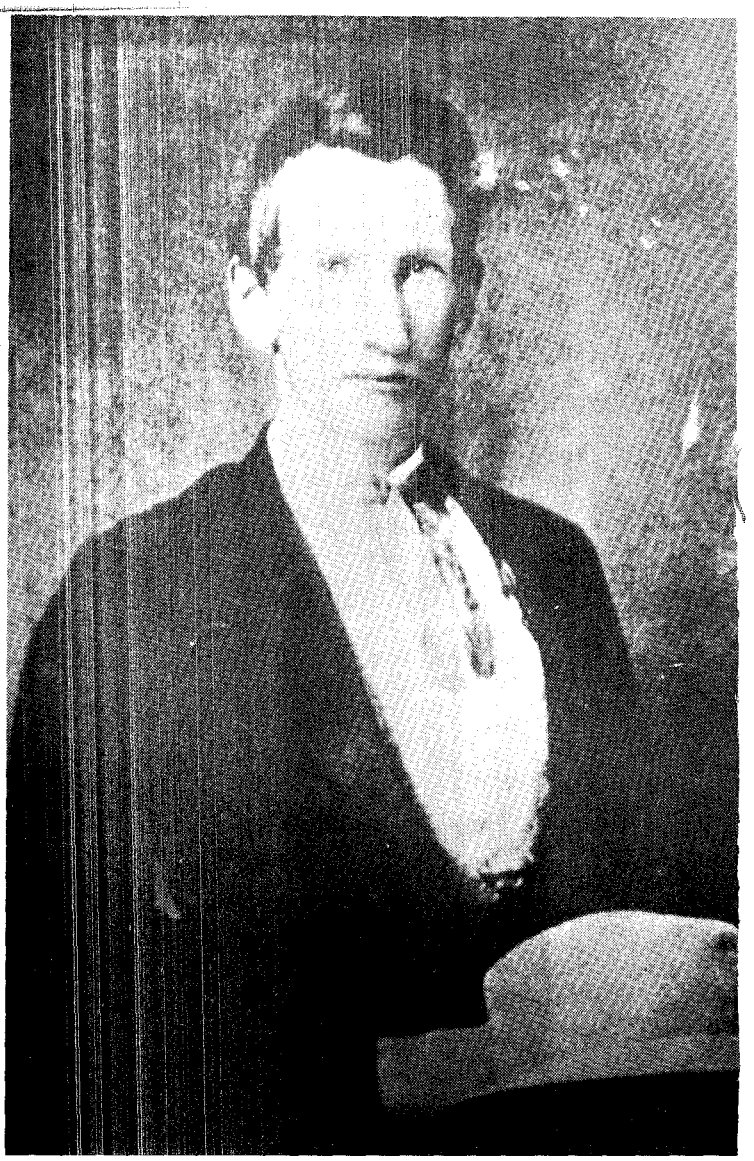
Lee Howk told Hunter that Jesse and his band had made an agreement that not one of them would reveal the true identity of Jesse until the last one living was 100. Then it would no longer matter. If he wished, the last man alive could release the story of history's greatest hoax. And now, Jesse himself, or J. Frank Dalton, was the last man.

Dalton had reached his 104th birthday the previous April 17. Because of a fractured hip, he had made no plans for the identification that would shock the world. But perhaps the aged outlaw could be persuaded to talk.

City editor, Frank Hall, and reporter, Lindsey Whitten, of the Lawton paper, listened carefully to the bizarre story of the old desperado and prepared to break it to the public. Howk made it clear that he wanted to present Dalton to the world in such a manner that would not be embarrassing for him.



Autographed photo of Frank James, dated May 18th 1898.



(all photos courtesy University of Oklahoma Library)

Formal portrait of Frank James taken at an early age.

Before that once-in-a-lifetime story could be echoed throughout the land, some proof of identity had to be obtained. The centenarian must first be brought to Lawton from his home in Centerville, Texas, and the old man himself must agree to ride over the old outlaw trail once again.

Soon, J. Frank Dalton was in Lawton. Newspapermen visited him, still questioning his true identity. The bewhiskered, erstwhile bandit reminisced about his old haunts back in Missouri and Indian Territory. His vernacular showed that once before he'd led the life of a man on the run. The oldster constantly kept a six-shooter not more than an arm's length away. He was still a good shot and wasn't beyond using it if the occasion so demanded.

Joe Hunter was in hopes that Dalton could help him unravel the secret code to the long-hidden treasure. But Dalton said he cared nothing about it now. The blood money held a past that he would just as soon forget.

It was this trail that Joe Hunter had dug into, fifteen years before he suspected that the outlaw might still be alive, if Dalton were actually Jesse James. But Dalton said Hunter could have all the treasure if he were smart enough to find it. He claimed no title to it now. Hunter soon began to have his doubts whether Dalton actually knew as much as he claimed.

The dictation of Dalton's memoirs brought one John Shevlin of Chicago. Shevlin recalled many conversations with Cole Younger, another member of the James gang, after his release from the penitentiary where he had served 25 years for his part in the Northfield, Minnesota

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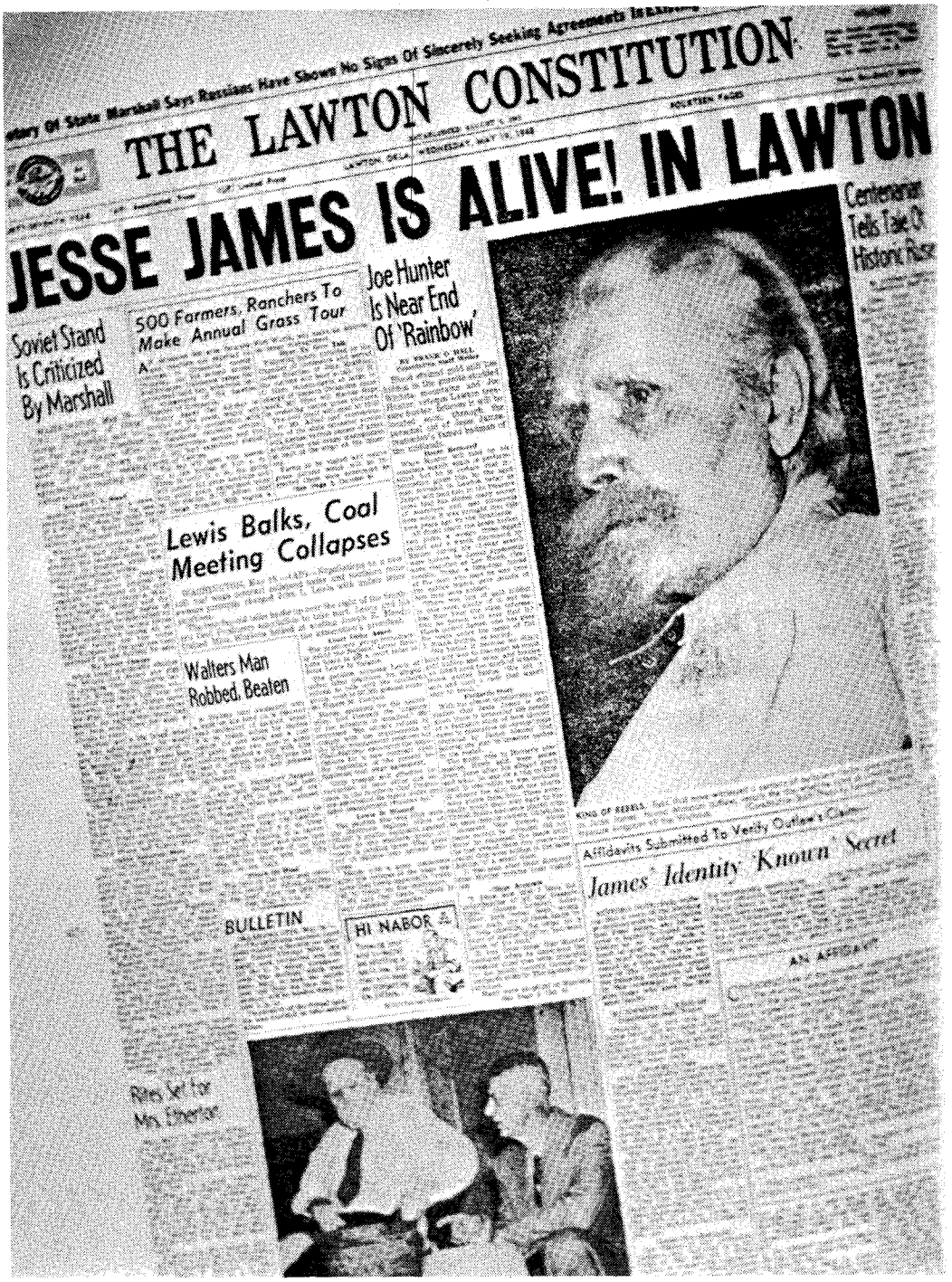
THE LAWTON CONSTITUTION
JESSE JAMES IS ALIVE! IN LAWTON
Soviet Stand Is Criticized By Marshall
500 Farmers, Ranchers To Make Annual Grass Tour
Joe Hunter Is Near End Of 'Rainbow'
Lewis Balks, Coal Meeting Collapses
Walters Man Robbed, Beaten
Affidavits Submitted To Verify Outlaw's Claim
James' Identity 'Known' Secret
BULLETIN
HI NABOR

(photo courtesy the author)

Reproduction of front page of newspaper which broke the James story in 1848.

bank robbery.

Shevlin said that Younger had once made the statement that "someday there'll be a story that will rock the nation. You'll know it when it breaks." Shevlin didn't know then what Cole was talking about, but thought he knew now.

Days rolled on into weeks as Jesse recounted his past. Neither he, nor his associates, were ready to release the story until they had completed work on his unbelievable hoax.

Affidavits were recorded and signed by old-timers who had known Jesse before his reported demise in 1882. The Lawton newspaper had to have this evidence before it could broadcast the story to the nation.

That startling revelation on Wednesday, May 19, 1948, almost 20 years ago, shocked all America. Radio stations picked up the story and flashed it across the nation. Newsreels featured the immortal gunman. Jesse had officially come back from the dead. On the Saturday following, an official Jesse James Day was proclaimed, and thousands turned out to view the bandit, so long celebrated in song and story. But was the blue-eyed, wizened Dalton really Jesse?

The ballad, " 'Twas the dirty little coward (Bob Ford), who shot Mr. Howard, and laid poor Jesse in his grave," has often been sung.

But Dalton claimed Mr. Howard wasn't Jesse James. Instead, he was an outlaw who had been posing as Jesse in a string of robberies. Mr. Howard was Charles Bigelow and he, not Jesse, was killed that Sunday, April 3, 1882, in St. Joseph, Missouri, Dalton maintained.

It has been told that when Mrs. Zerelda James Samuels, mother of Jesse and Frank, was summoned from Kearney, Missouri, where the James homestead was located, she viewed the corpse, and at first said the body was not her son's.

Then Jesse's wife quickly called her into another room and told her it was essential that she identify the body as Jesse, or he would be deprived of his one, great opportunity to begin a new life.

"Mama just wasn't briefed quite well enough on the situation and she nearly gave the whole plan away," Dal-

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(photo courtesy the author)

House which outlaw Frank James built north of Fletcher, Okla. in 1907 and is now a museum owned by Ernest Gossett.

ton said in 1948. If this were true, Jesse James was a man who attended his own funeral service. Effectively disguised, he joined the choir, sang at his own funeral and was even one of his own pallbearers, Dalton claimed.

If this were so, Jesse James was probably the only man who ever had this rare treat!

But as Dalton continued up the old trail, his stories grew wilder and farther removed from historical fact. If he had once been an outlaw, or had ridden with the immortal gang, he was now fabricating a story too incredible for any man to have lived.

Perhaps the wildest story was that there had really been three Jesse James, the other two being cousins of Jesse Woodson. It was they who pulled so many robberies that he was blamed for, said Dalton.

Furthermore, Dalton claimed his brother, Alexander Franklin James, had not died in Missouri in 1915, but had died instead at Wayton, Arkansas in 1926, under the alias of Joe Vaughn. This Frank James wrote his memoirs before he died, "*The Only True History of the Life of Frank James.*" A fanciful story, the book is not only full of inaccuracies, but plain falsification of fact.

Claiming to be Jesse wasn't enough for old Dalton. He now maintained that William F. "Bloody Bill" Anderson, a guerrilla gunman under Quantrill, was another who had hoaxed history.

History records that Bloody Bill was killed near Blackwater, Missouri in the mid-1860's. But Dalton insisted that Anderson "wasn't even there," that he died "an old man" near Rising Star, Texas, years later.

And there's the case of John Wilkes Booth, who shot President Lincoln at the Ford Theater in Washington, and then escaped, only to be killed twelve days later. Not so, said Dalton.

Booth ran a distillery at Glen Rose, Texas in the 1870's, and was known then as John St. Helen. Later he moved to Granbury. Dalton declared that Booth got to talking too much about the secret guerrilla underground, and finally, in January 1903 in Enid, Oklahoma, he poisoned Booth with arsenic.

(Continued on page 52)

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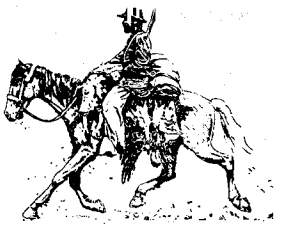
WESTERN BITS



By BOB BROWN

WHEN the first, real, big treaties were signed with the Indians, the Indian was supposed to get all of the land west of the Missippi for "AS LONG AS GRASS GROWS AND WATER FLOWS." This was the actual wording of the treaty, but it was less than 30 years before the Indian was being moved further west to less desirable lands because of the greed of the white man. Most of the treaties with the Indian were broken eventually, leaving these people with very little regard for the word of the white man.

* * *

If you were moving to a new town and planned to stay in the local hotel for a while, it was standard practice to ask around until you found the hotel where the local butcher lived. This was because most of the hotels of the day served bear or buffalo meat as standard fare, but you would get domestic meat such as beef and pork if you lived with the butcher. Many times, the hotel would even let the butcher live there free because it would assure him that the rooms would always be kept full.

* * *

A shot was heard from the edge of town. This soon became a roar as other people from the town rushed out and fired their guns into the air. Even some of the hotel guests went to the windows of their rooms and fired their guns into the air! No, this wasn't a celebration, but it was considered good insurance. You never knew when that shot was an Indian attack or a gang of outlaws ready to sack the town, so people always fired their own guns when they heard a shot in hope that all the noise would let the Indians or outlaws know that the town was ready for a fight.

* * *

REWARD! It just naturally cramped a man's style to have a reward on his head as there were a lot of "bounty hunters" around who made a living by bringing in wanted men. Some of these bounty hunters weren't too particular about the condition of their prisoners, so more often than not, the criminals would be dead when they were delivered. To get rid of this threat to his life, the man with the price on his head would often offer a bigger reward to be turned loose if he were caught! Some of these men would even put up signs, such as the reward posters, telling about their counter offers.

* * *

Judge Parker was one of the most famous judges of all times, being well-known for hanging anyone that he thought needed killing for past crimes. This was on the edge of the badlands on the Arkansas River at Fort Smith. All territory west of the Arkansas was under the rule of Parker who became the most feared man on the frontier. In spite of all of the frontier justice that Parker gave out, his decisions were reversed no less than 78 times by a higher court.

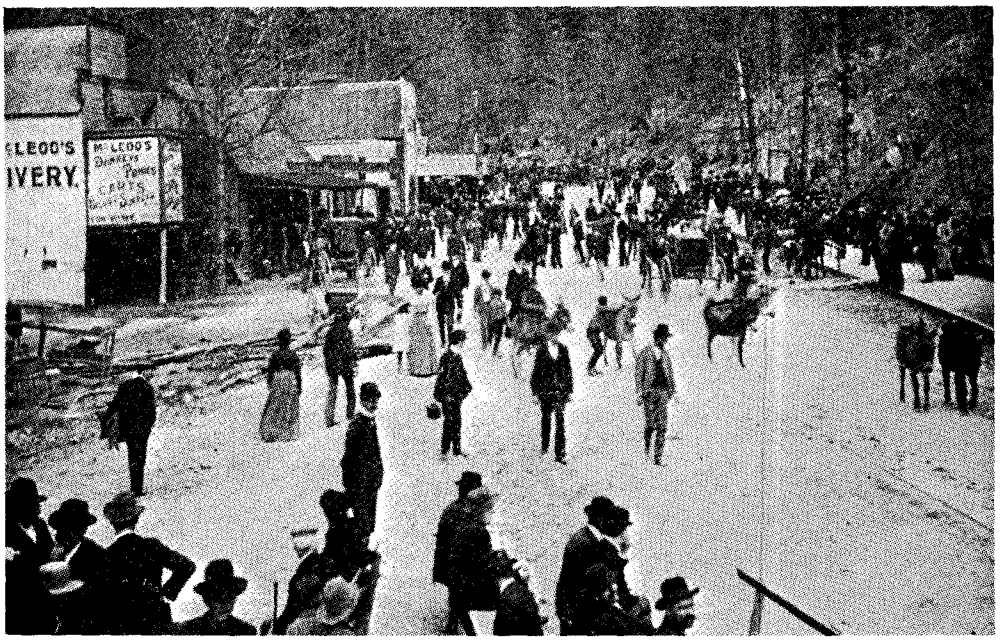
* * *

Sure things were tough in the 1850's, but a few bucks went a long way! This was the era of the five-cent beer with a free lunch thrown in for good measure. Good whiskey went for sixty-five cents a quart, and there was no such thing as Income Tax! Bread was three loaves for a dime, and the smart man would never marry any woman until he saw what her mother looked like because this was exactly how his wife would look in the years to come.

* * *

There were unpopular presidents at any time during history, but you could easily tell what the people of the Old West thought about the top executive of the country without asking one person his opinion. All you had to do was listen to the people call their dogs, because every scroungy dog in the territory would be named after the president if the dog was considered to be worthless!

* * *



(photo courtesy the author)

This was a big tourist attraction only two blocks off the main street in Hot Springs, Arkansas, called "Happy Hollow." At one time Frank James (the brother of Jessie) sold souvenirs on this very spot. A few years later, the brothers returned to Hot Springs and held up a stage at the Sulpher Springs crossing about four miles south east of town between Hot Springs and Malvern, Arkansas. It is claimed that Frank James is shown in the picture but is not identified.

Many of the famous "Lawmen" of the old west were showoffs and were actually little more than gunmen themselves. Even at that, they were a necessary part of the western towns as it took a gunman to control the rough characters. The tombstones frequently told what the town thought of these men when they were in office.

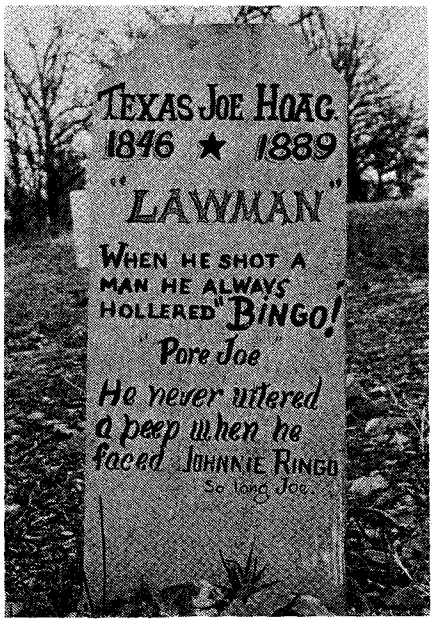

TEXAS JOE HOAG
1846 ★ 1889
"LAWMAN"
WHEN HE SHOT A MAN HE ALWAYS HOLLERED "BINGO!"
Pore Joe
He never uttered a peep when he faced JOHNNIE RINGO
So long Joe

Photo by author

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THE GREATEST WOMAN GAMBLER in the WEST

"Poker Alice" Tubbs as she looked in later days after she had lost interest in clothes due to her husband's death.

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They called her "Poker Alice" and she took all their money for her luck was the most fantastic of any gambler they'd ever seen. She became a legend in her own time and millions passed through her hands.

(all photos courtesy University of Oklahoma Library)

by James F. Miller

A short, composed woman with a black cigar in her mouth casually walked into a saloon at Silver City, New Mexico, and strolled directly to the Faro table, where there was a set limit of $25 betting. After winning constantly for several hours, she finally watched the dealer drop his hands on the table and admit the bank was broken. The lady was "Poker Alice" and this was one of the many incidents which made her the most famous Western woman gambler in history.

Faro, a favorite game in the early Western towns, is supposedly one of the fairest games devised. The percentage against the player is small, 1½ to 3 per cent in favor of the banker. The name was derived from the picture of an Egyptian Pharaoh on one of the cards. After becoming a favorite English pastime during the reign of Charles II, the game came to America with the movement of French colonists in the early eighteenth century.

The fantastic luck of "Poker Alice" at Silver City was a gambler's dream, but she wasn't content to break the bank. After collecting her winnings, she moved behind the table, and took the dealer's seat. Then, with an expressionless face, she motioned to all comers in the saloon.

All players are against the bank and the cards are dealt from a box in pairs, and are then placed in a winning or losing stack. The player bets if the next card will win or lose. It is a complicated game, and takes a constant awareness by the dealer to come up a repeated winner. Alice, already taking nine hundred dollars from the dealer, turned her winnings into several thousand when she finally walked away from the Silver City Saloon.

Alice took her winnings and went to New York, but after purchasing more clothes to adorn the surroundings of a poker table, she returned to the West.

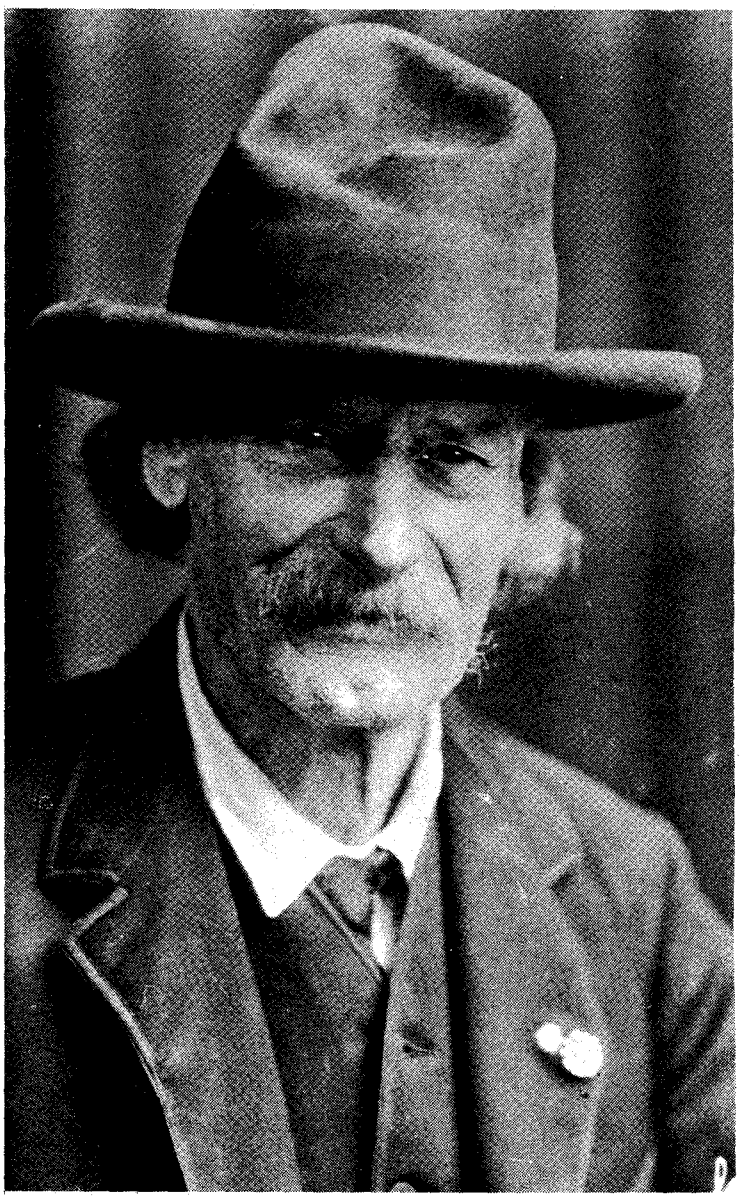
From the plains of Kansas to the mountains of Colorado, there was hardly a mining camp or gold rush town saloon which did not have "Poker Alice" pass through its doors.

In a typical saloon of the middle 1880's, with its cluster of lucky miners laden down with bags of gold dust and the not-so-lucky prospectors with their wavering hands pouring glasses of rot gut whiskey to cure their depressions, there was also the presence of the early professional gamblers. The most notable men of the cards would sit around the table with clothes far different from the working outfits of the miners. Often, one could see a man with a Prince Albert coat, a flowing necktie and jewelry augmented by gold rings, diamond-studded necktie pins, or gold nugget chains hanging from decorative vests.

The one figure, though, that would immediately catch the eye of the miner was the short, blue-eyed, white-haired lady dressed in ballroom-type clothes from Paris or New York, whose blank expression was stronger than a drab, white wall, and whose lips would constantly position a big, black cigar in the corner of her mouth. "Poker Alice" was indeed a startling figure in the early Western towns.

The saloons were no place for a lady, and Alice was always matching her wits against a majority of men at the card table. It was a time when only a woman with calculating, keen and persistent traits of skill and endurance could live such a life. "Poker Alice" held these abilities and, at first, forced to turn to cards as a way of keeping alive, she later became the greatest woman gambler in the West.

Dubbed Alice Ivers at birth on February 17, 1851, "Poker Alice" moved with her family from Sudbury, Devonshire, England to Virginia and then came to Colorado. They settled near Fort Meade, and Alice's father became a school teacher. Eventually the family moved once more; this time to Deadwood.



Richard W. Clark, the original "Deadwood Dick," an old time stage driver in early day Deadwood, S.D. and later close friend of "Poker Alice."

Fascinated by the atmosphere and card tables of the Deadwood saloon, Alice would stand and watch the techniques and skill of the card players for hours. A young girl was out of place in such surroundings, but Alice could handle herself among the brash characters that frequented the gambling establishments, and finally she tried her luck at the game of cards. Her ability to sit motionless and her sharpness as a keen observer brought her a reputation as

(Continued on page 53)

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THE MAIL STAGE THE APACHES WOULDN'T ATTACK

He was a master diplomat but no one believed him when he said the Indians would not attack. He was called "fake," "killer" and much worse, yet he won the U.S. Mail contract . . .

by Leo Rosenhouse

NEVER had so many people stayed up past midnight as did on September 16, 1858 to see a brightly painted but sturdy mail stage leave its terminal in St. Louis, Missouri with orders to pull into San Francisco, delivering valuable mail and a load of passengers on a 25-day travel schedule.

"A fake!" newspapers howled. Other tabloids carried their own war against an innovation of travel they felt was doomed to early disaster.

"Butterfield will kill our women and children!" one newspaper declared. "Any stage following the old Gila Trail will be destroyed, and its occupants tortured and massacred by the Apaches, unless the Sioux and Utes get them first."

John Butterfield, the man directly

(all photos courtesy the author)

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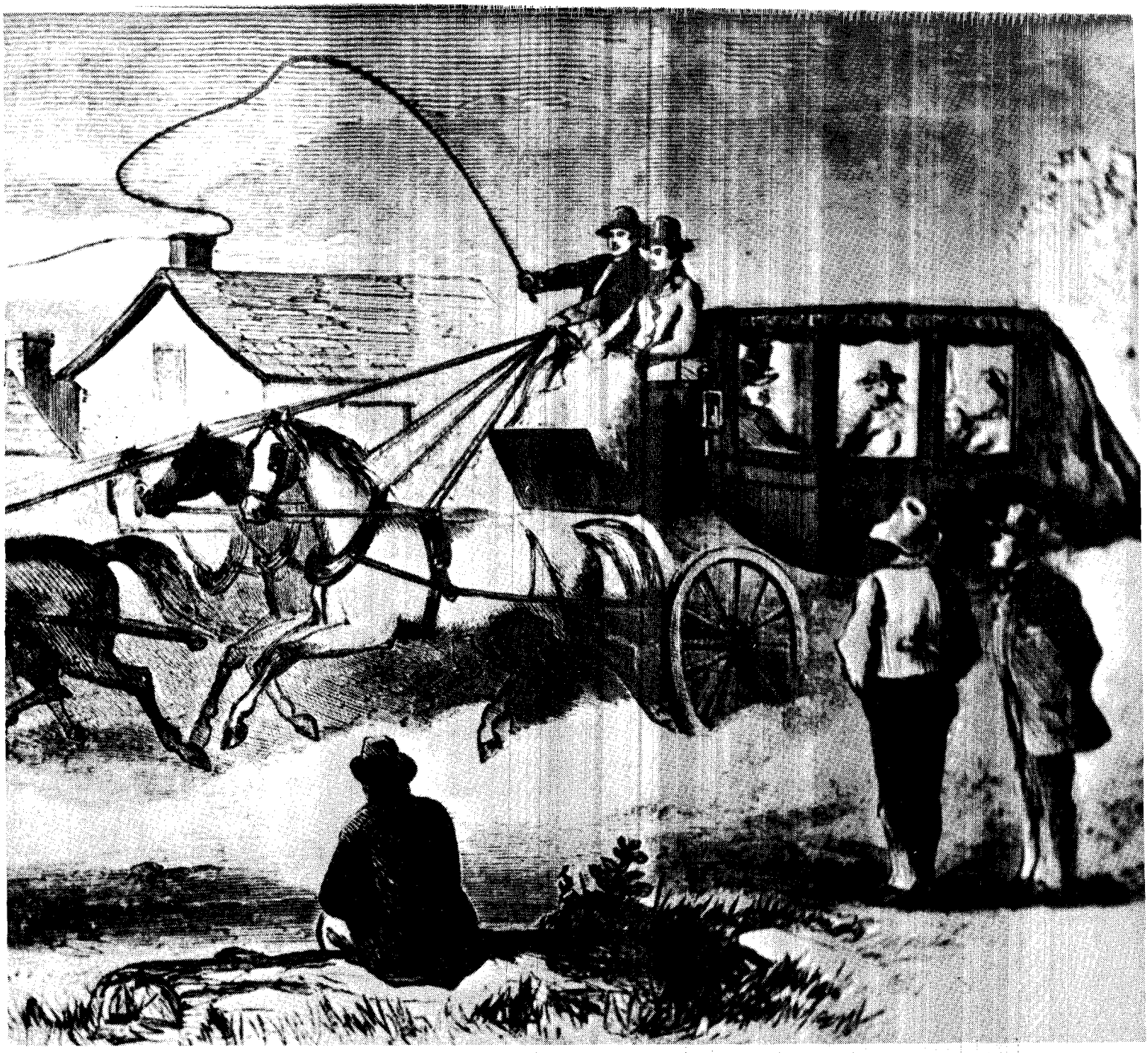

No stage could compare to the Butterfield Coach in comfort and durability. It weighed 3,000 lbs. and the seats reclined for sleeping enroute.

responsible for the uproar, remained unperturbed. A very successful merchant from upper New York State, he had only recently gone into the transportation business in New England and had quickly achieved almost millionaire status.

Now, the United States Government was offering a fat contract for any man or enterprise daring enough to put up a few hundred thousand dollars of his own money to build stage stations and buy hired hands, horses and stages which, if successful, could bring a return of $600,000 a year.

That fateful, midnight departure in St. Louis held the fortunes of Butterfield and many of his partners at stake, and Lady Luck might not be kind. "Men!" exclaimed John Butterfield. "Remember, nothing on God's earth must stop the United States Mail!"

And to that was added a very short prayer and an "Amen" for the safety of the worried passengers. Would they make it to San Francisco? No stage had accomplished the feat before along the route Butterfield had proposed.

He was a tall, husky patriot, already well past middle-age when most men had given up work for retirement, but Butterfield was unable to remain inactive. Slightly balding, his face always featuring that thin smile of determination, John Butterfield knew this venture would be the height of his career.

Without any fanfare, he had secretly taken a number of scouts with him and made a preliminary check of the 2,800-mile route his stages would have to follow: from St. Louis to El Paso, thence to Tucson, Fort Yuma and up to Los Angeles. A northern coastal run to San Francisco would be the easiest part of the trip.

"We want only to cross your land," Butterfield explained, as he parleyed with one tribal chief after another in establishing his route. "We will take nothing from you, but are prepared to give your people food and shelter at any of our way-stops should you so demand them.

"My men and their passengers will be forbidden to hunt or shoot buffalo and other beasts from the stage; nor will they war on you or take prisoners. We are willing to pay for the privilage of crossing your territory."

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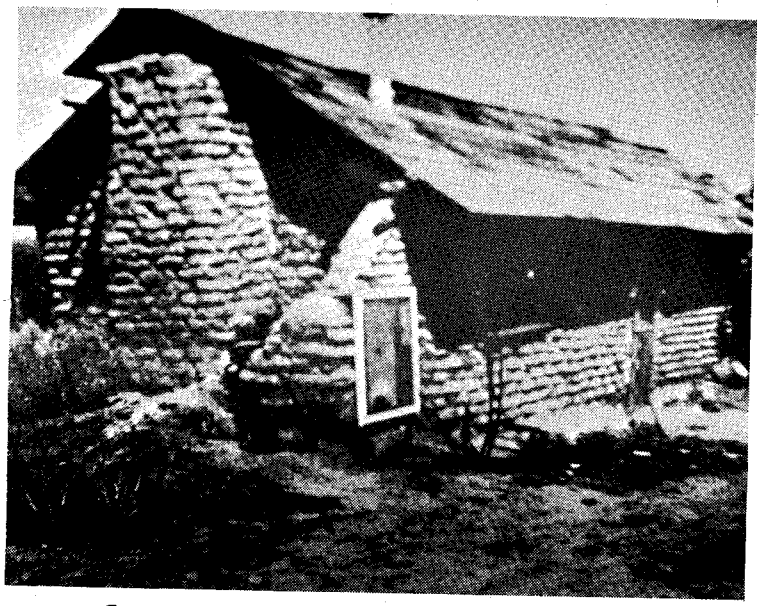
The Indians had heard such talk before from other white men who had violated their word, but Butterfield seemed somewhat different. For one thing, he was not a homesteader, nor a rancher. He also carried letters of introduction from President Buchanan, the Great White Father, who was a personal friend of Butterfield.

In and around the midwest, Butterfield quickly won a verbal agreement from the Indians who promised they would not attack his stages as long as he, his employees and passengers moved swiftly over Indian territory, taking nothing and tarrying but briefly. However, from the Apaches in the Arizona country, Butterfield could get no compromise. Worse yet, he couldn't at first get any of his men to hold a parley with the Apaches. They were the fiercest of all tribes and extremely hostile to the white man, plundering and torturing at every encounter, and would even kill or kidnap small white children. With them, Butterfield knew he would have to take risks. In Arizona, he easily risked defeat.

Butterfield knew that if he could but make one successful crossing and return to St. Louis without mishap, his venture would be a success. He knew he was on trial with the federal government, the apprehensive American public who feared the red savages, and the Indians who were enigmatic and could almost do as they pleased in the wilderness of the West.

The Overland Mail Stage—also known as Butterfield Stage—left St. Louis, Missouri with only 25 days to make the trip to San Francisco.



(all photos courtesy the author)

Over a century ago this Butterfield stage station just outside Los Angeles served as a rest stop and horse changing station for Butterfield's stage line in 1850's.

Another factor, weather and terrain, plus a time schedule which would call for speed and daring driving on the part of his stage crews, had to be seriously considered also.

Leaving St. Louis that eventful midnight, trouble began almost at once. A brake locked on the brand-new stage, and a blacksmith had to be routed out of bed to make a repair. When the coach did take off, few people were about, and the stage rushed over cobbled streets and into the countryside, with the town of Memphis as its first major stop.

What the public, and even the federal government didn't know, was that John Butterfield had spent more than a million dollars to get his mail stage line under way. It was the largest investment in a transportation line in Western history!

The stages were strongly constructed, mostly southern-styled, Concord coaches painted in yellow, red or brown, and many actually had reclining seats so passengers could sleep during night travel. The coaches cost $1,500 each, and weighed over 3,000 pounds. All had reinforced springs and wide axles to prevent tipping during rough turns.

The men running the line for Butterfield were of the best! They included daring drivers, doctors, blacksmiths, and innkeepers.

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"Whatever you do," warned Butterfield, "do not antagonize any Indian. Under no circumstances do you return rifle fire or bow-and-arrow attack. If Indians prove hostile, try to outride them. Get to your next relay station as fast as you can, and fight for your life there, but make no skirmish on the road.

"Your first responsibility is to safeguard the mail pouches you carry and next comes the security of your passengers."

To the public who boarded his coaches, Butterfield had a special admonition. "I forbid liquor in any form to be carried on my stages unless it is for medicinal purposes such as sweet brandy or cognac for a cold or rheumatism. Any passenger giving spirits to an Indian will be removed from the stage."

The price of the fare, one way, was $200, and later became $150. Baggage was limited to one suitcase weighing not more than 40 pounds. Each passenger was given a list of travel articles to take, and a small Colt with plenty of ammunition was always advised, even for women. All personal articles were wrapped in oil silk to protect them against dust and rain.

In order to prevent holdups from Mexican bandits and from American guerillas, Butterfield wisely decreed that no large amount of money or jewelry should be taken on board. Valuables of this nature had to travel by special messenger or go to San Francisco by boat, the long way around the Horn.

When the first stage pulled into Memphis, it was ahead of schedule. John Butterfield, who rode horseback, found it hard to keep up with his stage. He was quite pleased! The first lap of the trip was uneventful and that was good!

More passengers boarded—this time, women and children—and the stage took off for El Paso. Ahead were at least 1,000 miles of uncertain road and plenty of risks. Winter had come quite early, and some returning travelers warned that flash floods were occurring all over the southern Texas plains.

The stage, with its bright identification of "Overland Mail" printed over the doorway of the coach and on its panels, was ordered to keep its schedule.

At a fording, a pair of the six-team horses kicked in fear and tipped over the coach, but the driver had taken the wise precaution of making all the passengers alight before risking the stream. He knew his horses.

"Heave! Heave-ho!!" the driver and his companion riding shotgun on the stage commanded. The helping hands of the passengers righted the wagon. No wheels or axles had snapped and the journey continued.

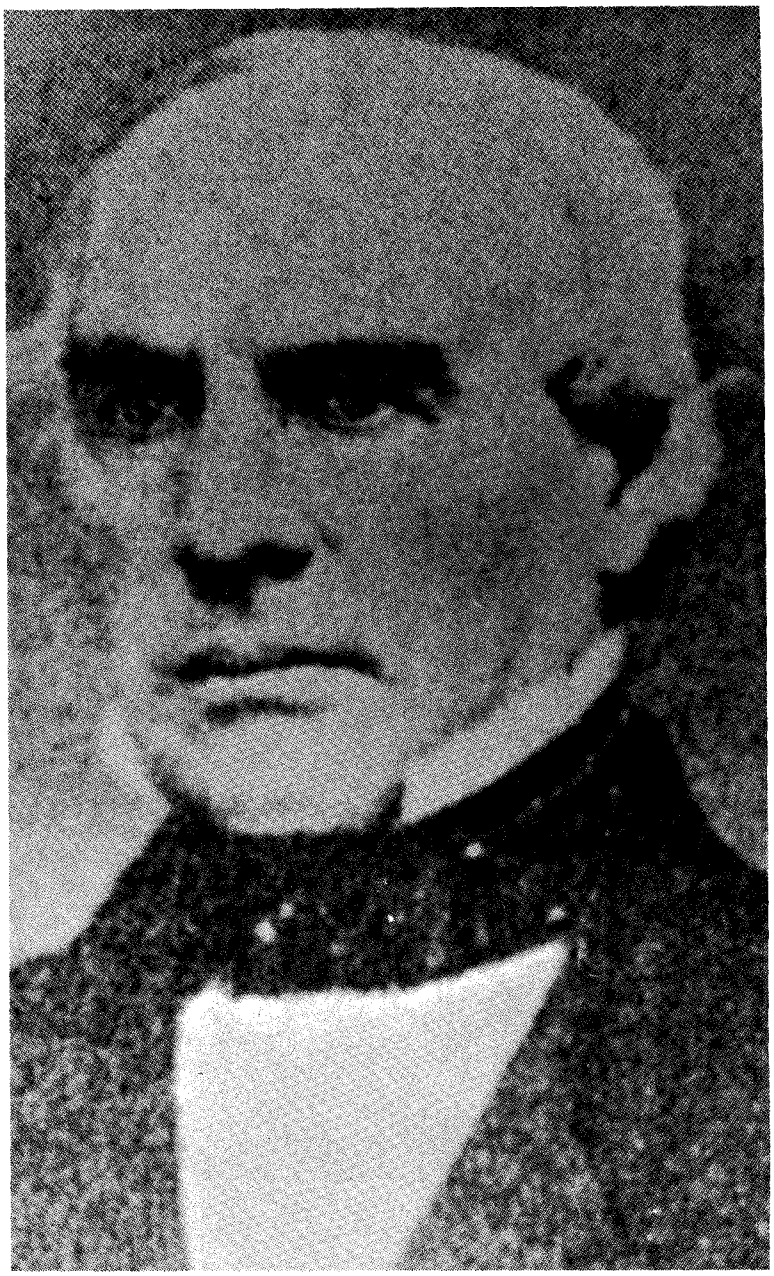
Coming into El Paso, all of the passengers were fatigued and discouraged, but more so the drivers of the stage. They had lost two days in trying to cross flooded streams. One relay station had been washed out by a rampage after a cloudburst.

In El Paso, a fresh team, new stage and new set of drivers took over and there was now more enthusiasm for the trip. "I've got to get to Tucson on time," a portly male passenger complained. He was a banker on a quick business deal to buy land, and he had violated Butterfield's code by secreting several thousands of dollars on his person in a hidden money belt.

The drivers didn't answer. They were rather grim, and perhaps just a bit frightened. A lone horseman coming from the west had waved them down for a brief conversation. A distant relay station had been attacked near Dragoon Springs in Arizona. Six men had been killed!

Were the Apaches on the warpath? The feared Cochise was known to be in the area, and he dealt hard with white men. This Indian chief believed in the axiom: "Kill first; puff peace pipe later."

Luck was with the stage. The skies were dark and much of the Arizona run was made during the night when it would be harder for Indians to detect the stage. At the relay stations in the Arizona Territory, passengers were given time only to toilet, refresh their thirst and eat a quick dinner of jerked beef and dried cooked beans. Most of the meals had to be taken on board the stage because orders were not to dally at relay stops and afford Apaches a chance for a big killing.



John Butterfield, founder of the fantastic Overland Mail Stage Line. Butterfield smoked the peace pipe and visited tribal chiefs even when they were at war with other tribes!

Word had reached Cochise and other Apache tribesmen that John Butterfield was a friend of the Great Man in Washington. The Apaches had likewise heard from their blood brethren that Butterfield had made many conditions which favored the Indians, and that he appeared to have no designs on their territory.

Still, their hatred of the white man was very intense, and being that Apaches often acted independently, there was no guarantee that the Overland Mail Stage would ever make it to California.

At Tucson, a cold wind was blowing cutting sand over the small pueblo, but the 800 people who lived there had turned out to welcome the mail stage which had made up one day of its over-extended schedule, a situation which made the banker happy for he was able to close his deal that purchased him hundreds of acres of land for a trifle. (It would later become a

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famous dude ranch . . . in the twentieth century.)

Again, there was a change of drivers and horses, and now a new coach was put on the line. It had very wide wheels and a low center of gravity to get it over rugged roads and through soft, desert sand. It couldn't make speed against any Indian attack, but it was security in itself because it had been built to hold up in the desert.

News had filtered into town that the attack against an Arizona stage relay station was actually made by Mexican bandits dressed as Indians. Although encouraging, the real Apache home ground was just beyond the limits of Tucson.

Again the stage took off, and now there were 400 miles of lonely and dangerous travel to Los Angeles. At the first stage stop, the drivers were told that Apaches had been there earlier and circled the corral but made no attack. It sounded ominous, because the Apaches were unpredictable.

Then, almost at the California border, the Apaches appeared . . . dozens of them! They rode parallel with the stage for several miles and while passengers were paralyzed with fear, the drivers bravely held to their pace and route. Suddenly, the Apaches vanished! From then on, there was no fear of Indians and no mishaps. When the stage finally pulled into San Francisco, arriving almost a full day ahead of schedule, the whole town turned out in gleeful celebration!

The return trip to St. Louis was also without an Indian attack! What most of the public later learned, was that John Butterfield had found a frontiersman named Wallace who spoke the Apache tongue and lived with them, and had asked him to convince Cochise and other Indians that the Overland Mail Stage was on a mission of peace and importance. This, the Apaches believed!

John Buuterfield prospered with his mail stage until the onset of the Civil War, when hostilities forced the closing of the mail stage.

Although the Apaches later did attack American soldiers and men affiliated with the Overland Mail, no real encounter occurred while the line was in operation. It was a most unusual achievement in Western history. ●

The Overland Mail arriving at its stage station in

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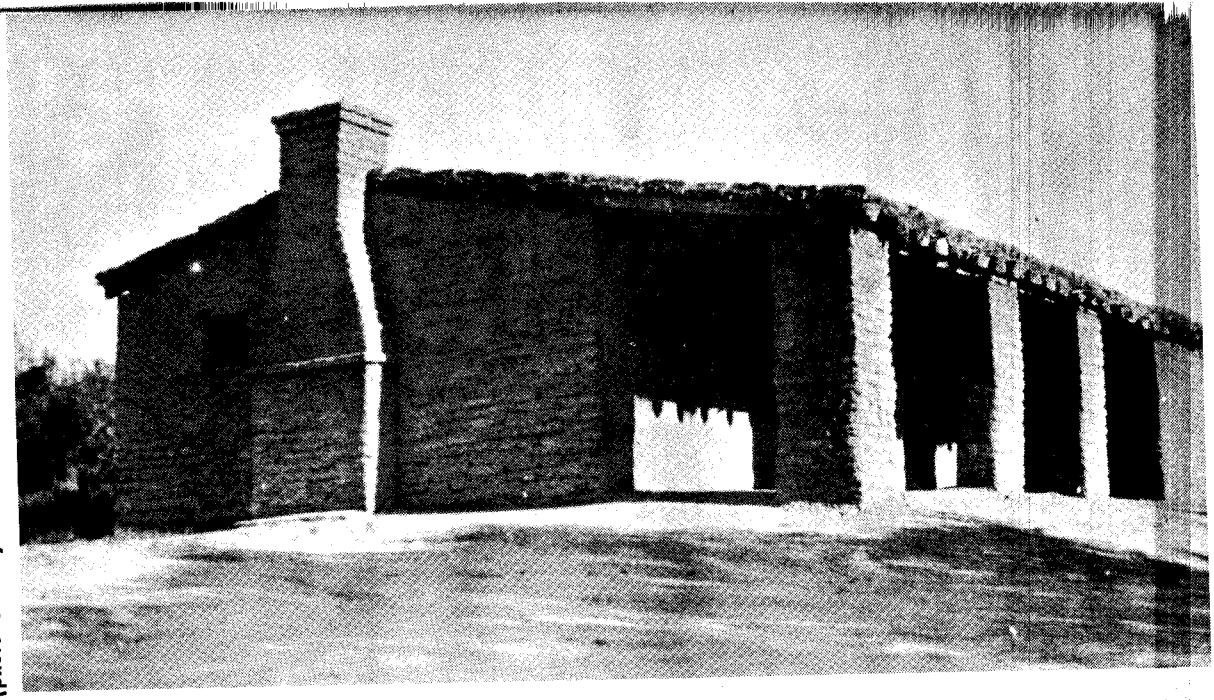
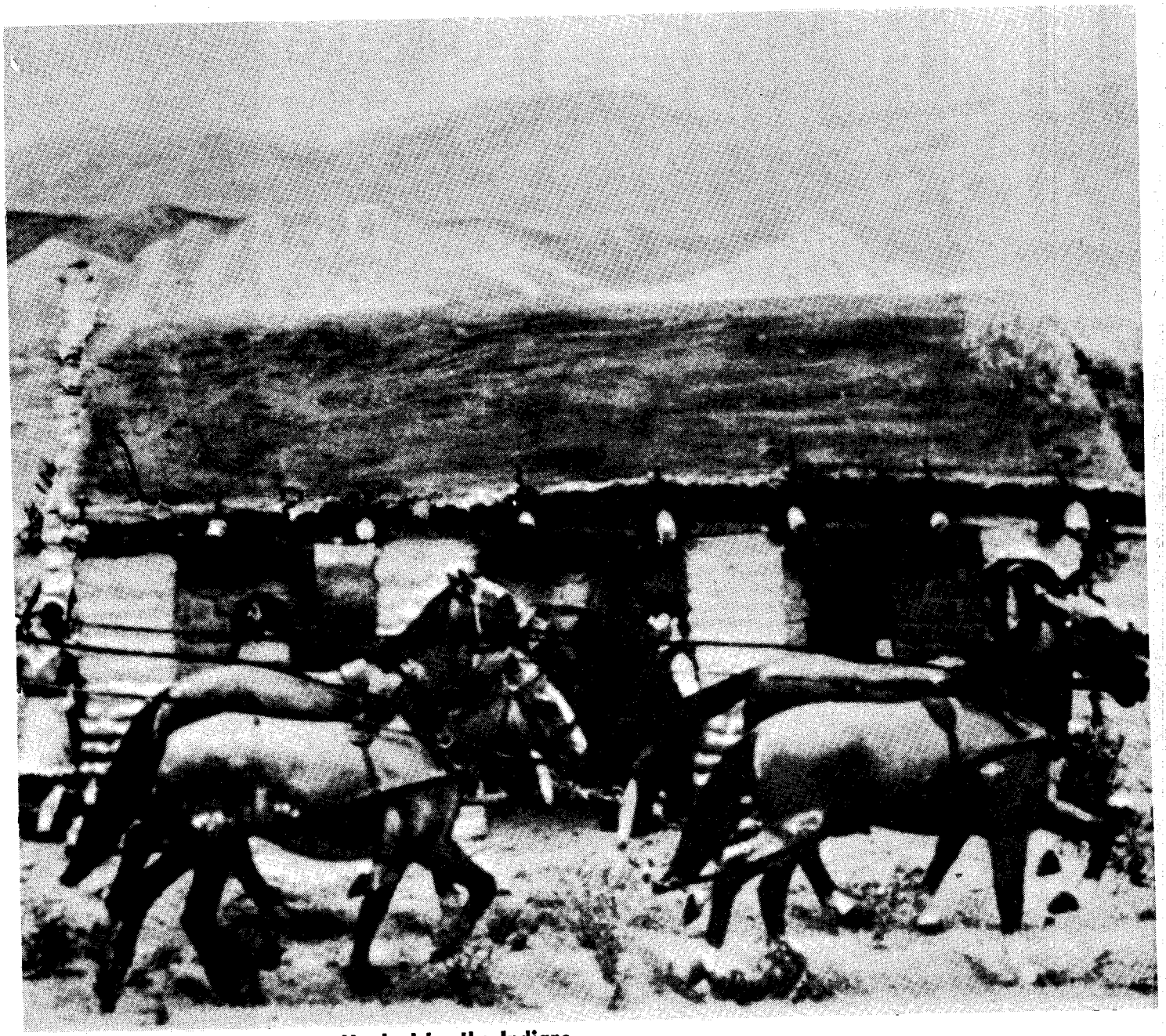
The Vallecito stage stop, located between San Diego and the Salton Sea, was only one of dozens maintained by Butterfield for passengers' comfort and changing of horses on the 25 day run.

(photo courtesy the author)





1850s. No stage was ever attacked by the Indians.

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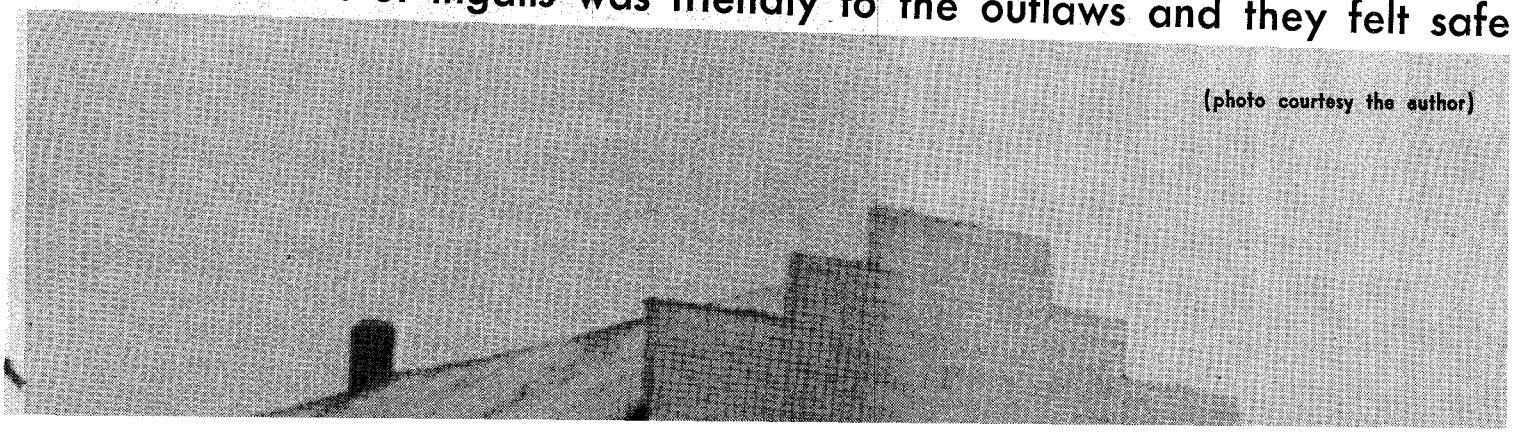
THE DOOLIN GANG'S

The town of Ingalls was friendly to the outlaws and they felt safe



(photo courtesy the author)

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LAST SHOOT-OUT

by Mark Powers

until the U.S. Marshal's men got wind of the strange truce . . .

plying Bitter Creek when asked what he was called. He had once worked on a ranch through which a creek by that name ran. He was also known as the Slaughter Kid because he had once worked as a cowboy for C. C. Slaughter. Richard "Little Dick" West, who would never sleep under a roof or close to the others, always taking his blanket and going off in the dark by himself, was another member. Little Dick was reputed to be one of the fastest if not the fastest gun in the territories. He was extremely fond of horses and always took the best care of any he owned. Next was Dynamite Dick, whose real name has been reported, on various occasions, to be J. T. Crawford, Bill Grimes and/or Dan Clifton. The name Dynamite supposedly originated because he somehow used the dynamite of dynamite caps in his ammunition. There were also John Blake, or Black, alias Tulsa Jack; Red Buck Waightman, a vicious killer whose going price for killing a man was fifty dollars in hand and point out the man (Red Buck was held in such low esteem by the others that he was finally kicked out of the gang.); Charlie Pierce, who strangely enough had no alias; and "Arkansaw Tom" Jones who came from a religious family—two of his brothers were preachers. (Tom was also known as Roy Daugherty when working cattle drives in the Oklahoma and Texas panhandles.)

After a job, the Doolins always met back at their cave in the Creek Nation. This cave had been a favorite hide-out for the Daltons before they were all shot to Hell and Gone at Coffeyville. It was located east of the HX Bar Ranch along the Cimarron River near the present town of Cushing, Oklahoma. The cave was well-hidden in a heavily wooded area surrounded by steep hills and deep gullies, and could be well-defended against a large posse. It was a large cave and could hold all the men and their horses and equipment.

However, men with the temperaments of the outlaw breed were content to lay low only for so long before seeking entertainment. And a town was the only place that afforded their kind of entertainment: saloons, gambling halls and hog ranches.

There was such a town about twelve miles east of Stillwater and probably less than that from their cave. It was the town of Ingalls,

(photo courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library)

Bill Doolin, in death.

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where many of the people were friendly to the outlaws and the others remained strictly neutral.

The outlaws were always on their best behavior while in town, and paid their way in the saloons, the gambling halls and the hotel where Mary Pierce kept several "girls" for just such guests. The outlaws were so well-behaved and genial, were so free with their money and made themselves so much a part of the community that they were frequently invited into the townspeoples' homes to attend their dances.

Although they always went heavily armed and were ever on the alert, they never became drunk or quarrelsome or shot up the town. They were there for pleasure and relaxation.

The outlaws had several hide-outs safer than Ingalls and they never remained in town long at a time. Others of their favorite hangouts were the ranch of the Dunn Brothers to the east in Pawnee County, and the farm of Bee Dunn about two-and-a-half miles southeast of Ingalls.

Bee Dunn had a frame house and a number of outbuildings, and the neighbors wondered where he got the money to build them. They suspicioned it may have come from the outlaws. Also, on this farm he had a dugout which had a strong, rock wall built out from it instead of the usual sod or logs. It was called the Rock Fort and the outlaws bunked in it when they were there.

E. D. Nix, the United States Marshal for the district, learned that the outlaws used Ingalls as a rendezvous at times and he sent two of his deputies, Red Lucas and Doc Roberts, out to beat the bushes and try to learn when the outlaws would be in Ingalls.

In Ingalls, the marshals passed themselves off as men working for a proposed railroad, who were to set up booths for the settlers who were drifting into the territory to register for the opening of the Cherokee Strip that was scheduled for September 16, 1893.

In Ingalls, they learned their quarry was already there, so they frequented the same places as the outlaws, and drank and played cards with them. The two remained in Ingalls until the latter part of August, and then left to meet a group of other marshals who were camped out on the prairie and were disguised as settlers coming for the opening. Lucas and Roberts told the others that the gang was in town having a high, old time and the marshals made preparations to go after them.

On the morning of September 1, 1893, twenty or more deputy United States marshals with Deputy John Hixon in charge drifted into Ingalls, hidden in covered wagons. Among the marshals were Dick Speed, Lafe Shadley, Tom Houston, George Cox, Jim Masterson, brother of Bat Masterson, Henry Keller, Hi Thompson and Doc Roberts. Chris Madsen, Bill Tilghman and Bud Ledbetter were busy elsewhere and Heck Thomas refused to go on this raid. He said it didn't have a chance to succeed with the townspeople being so friendly to the outlaws.

The marshals' plan was to drive to the livery stable with their wagons, and then each one would pick out a strategic position where they would have the outlaws surrounded. But fate took a hand: Bitter Creek had become uneasy for some reason, and had come out of the saloon and mounted his horse and was riding along the street when Dick Speed thought Bitter Creek had spotted him, and so he opened fire on the outlaw. His first shot knocked Bitter Creek out of the saddle.

Doolin and Dalton were in Ransom and Murray's saloon as were Dynamite Dick and Tulsa Jack. Red Buck and Dick West were in one of the stores buying supplies. Arkansaw Tom was upstairs in the Pierce Hotel being entertained by one of Ma Pierce's sage hens.

At the sound of the first shot, all hell broke loose. The marshals concentrated their fire on the saloon and the outlaws came out, their guns blazing.

They fought their way to the stable where their horses were. On the way, Bill Doolin stopped long enough to help Bitter Creek to his feet and half carried and half dragged him to the livery barn. Bill Dalton stood in the

Livery stable at Ingalls. This is the one that saw all the action the day of the marshall's battle which cost several lawmen's lives.

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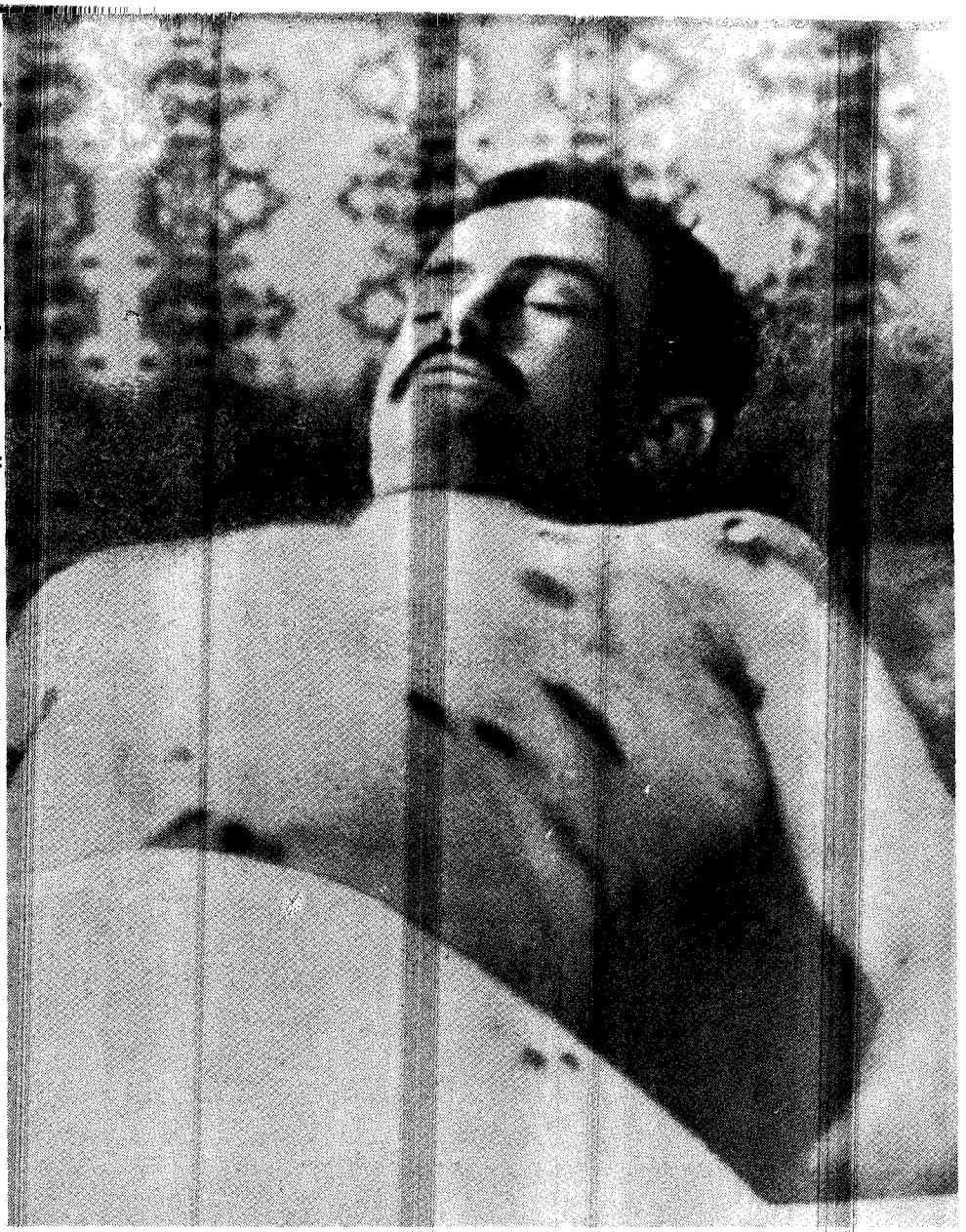
door and kept shucking lead from his Winchester while the others saddled up. When all were ready, Doolin gave the order and he and Dynamite Dick dashed out the back door and down a dry wash to the southwest. Dalton and the rest left from the front. Dalton's horse was shot from under him, and Tulsa Jack called to the others to cover him and he rode back and took Dalton up behind him. Bitter Creek was weak from loss of blood and fell from the saddle once. He had to be helped back on his horse and held there by a man riding on each side. All were able to escape through the efforts of Arkansaw Tom.

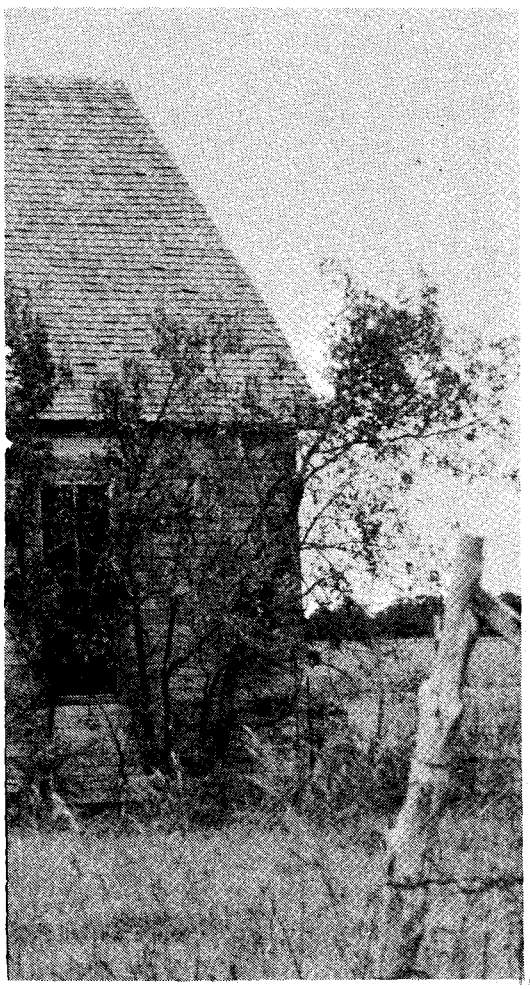
When he heard Dick Speed's shot, Tom leaped from his bed, grabbed his Winchester, rushed to the window and began throwing lead. One of his first shots hit Dick Speed, killing him instantly. From then on, he was in charge of the situation for a couple of hours, shooting alternately from each of the two windows in the room and later climbing up into the attic and punching holes in the roof. Since this was the only two-story structure there, he had command of the entire town. During these two hours, he inflicted fatal wounds on two other deputy United States Marshals, Lafe Shadley and Tom Houston.

Two civilians were killed in the furious fight: a man named Walker, who was in the saloon, caught a slug through the liver; and a young boy,



(photo courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library)

Member of the Doolin gang, Charlie Pierce, in death.



who some people claimed had gone into the saloon to tip off the outlaws that the marshals were in town. He was killed as he came out of the saloon, being mistaken for one of the outlaws.

Ransom was shot in the leg and Murray received a bullet in the arm. Frank Briggs was hit in the shoulder as the outlaws fired back on the town as they made their escape.

After his ammunition was exhausted, and on the promise that he would not be lynched, Arkansaw Tom surrendered. He was the only prisoner taken in the raid. He was taken to Stillwater where he was tried, convicted and sentenced to forty-five years in the penitentiary. He was pardoned by Governor Haskell after serving fifteen years of his sentence.

None of the other outlaws in the Ingalls shoot-out lived very long afterwards. The Ingals fight was the beginning of the end for them.

Marshal Nix called in the Three Guardsmen, Chris Madsen, Bill Tilghman and Heck Thomas, and told them in no uncertain terms to stop the Doolin gang.

Bill Dalton was the first to die. He was tracked down and killed near Ardmore in the Chickasaw Nation. Tulsa Jack was killed on May 5, 1895 by a posse headed by Chris Madsen, who was trailing the outlaws who had robbed the Rock Island train at Dover. Red Buck was located at his sister's place near Arapaho and was killed by Madsen and his posse.

The marshals knew the men they were hunting sometimes hid out at Bee Dunn's Rock Fort. They laid it on the line to the Dunns: "Let us know when the 'boys' are expected or we'll pull you in for rustling." Bee Dunn bought their liberty: he sent word when he learned some of the outlaws were coming to his place.

Heck Thomas and Bill Tilghman went out to Bee Dunn's and dug a trench in which they could hide. On the night of May 1, 1895, Charlie Pierce and Bitter Creek rode in. Thomas called for them to surrender but they started throwing lead instead. But Thomas Tilghman had the

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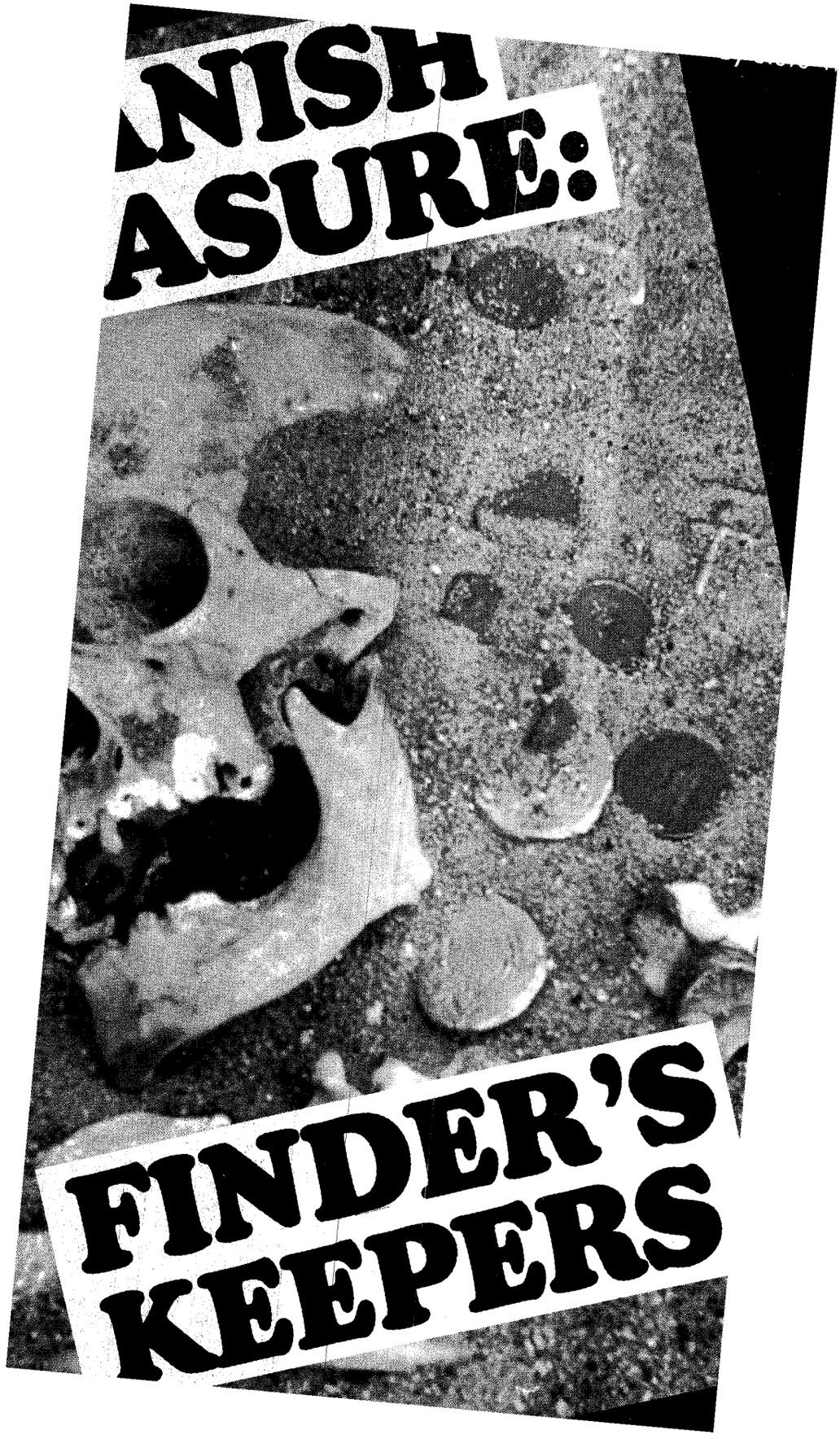

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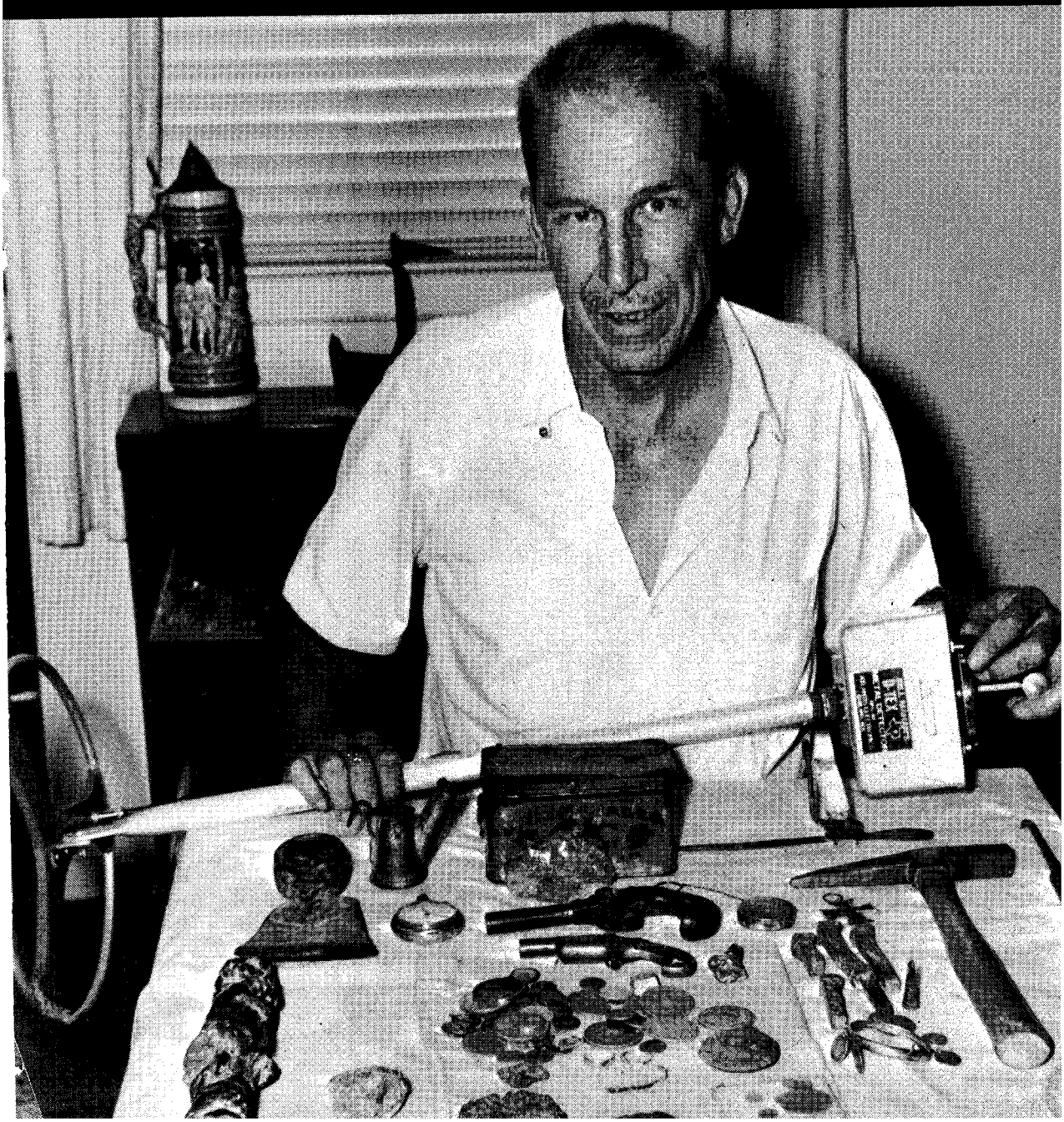
Treasure hunters don't tell all they know but some educated guesswork
you a clue to how much the loot was—and where to look yourself!



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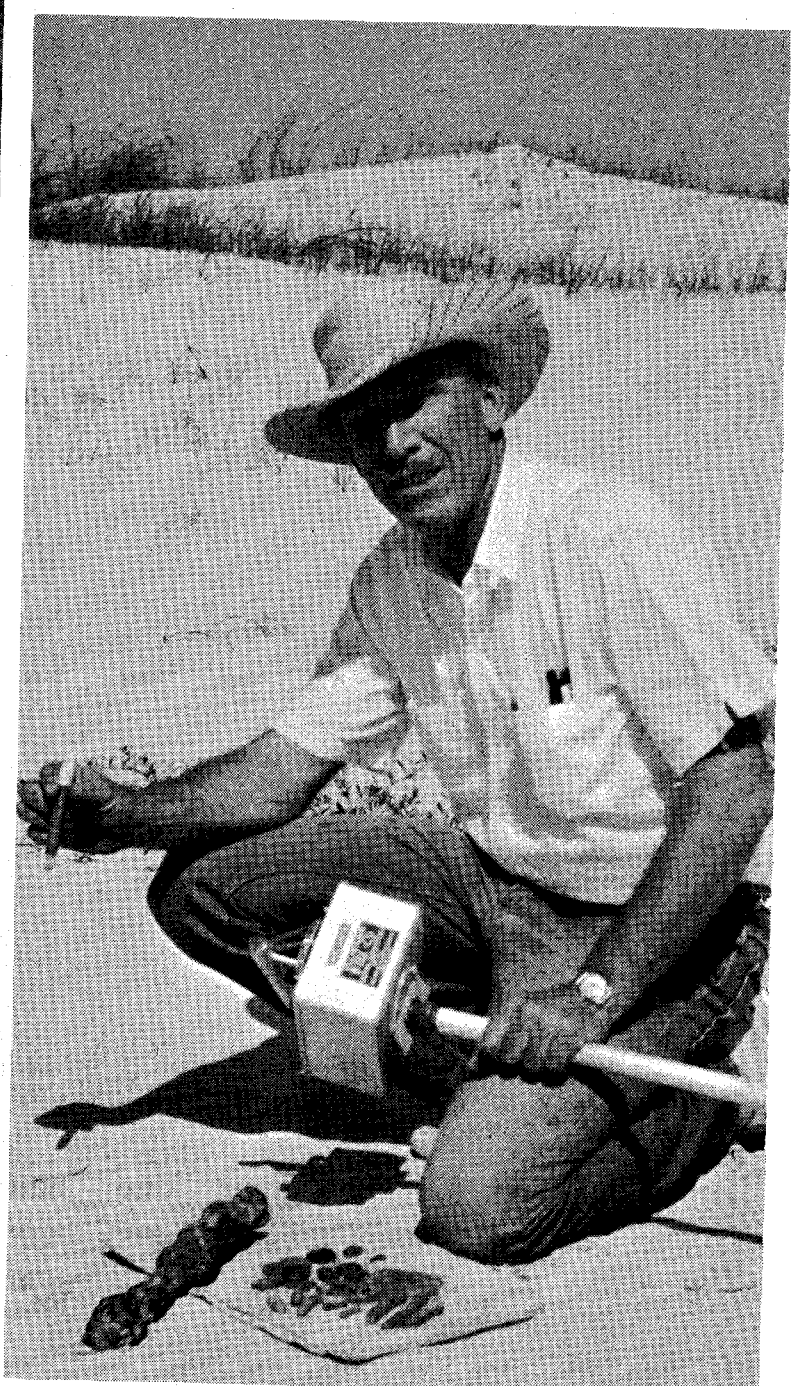
Spanish gold ingots and pieces of eight found in western Texas recently.

feels there's plenty to keep him busy in either one of these states. He treks off to Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and most of the great Southwest in quest of lost gold and buried booty—and finds it!

You name it, and you can bet Mahan has come across it in his countless hours of treasure hunting. While he lived in Colorado, Bill says that in one, old, mining hole first dug during the gold rush days, he picked up high-grade ore worth more than $100,000 a ton. In another old tunnel, he found a two-pound coffee can full of hard-rock gold which had been left by some old prospector. This brought him more than $3,000!

Bill is equipped with everything it takes to track down lost gold and buried loot. He claims he has the best metal detectors made, scuba equipment for diving, a small cruiser, and plenty of picks and shovels for digging.

What has Bill found on his many searches? Once, while in Colorado, he happened onto an old tunnel which appeared as if it had been dug many years before the gold rush days. The mine had practically all caved in but



Treasure hunter Bill Mahan with some of the artifacts he recovered in the sands of Padre Island.

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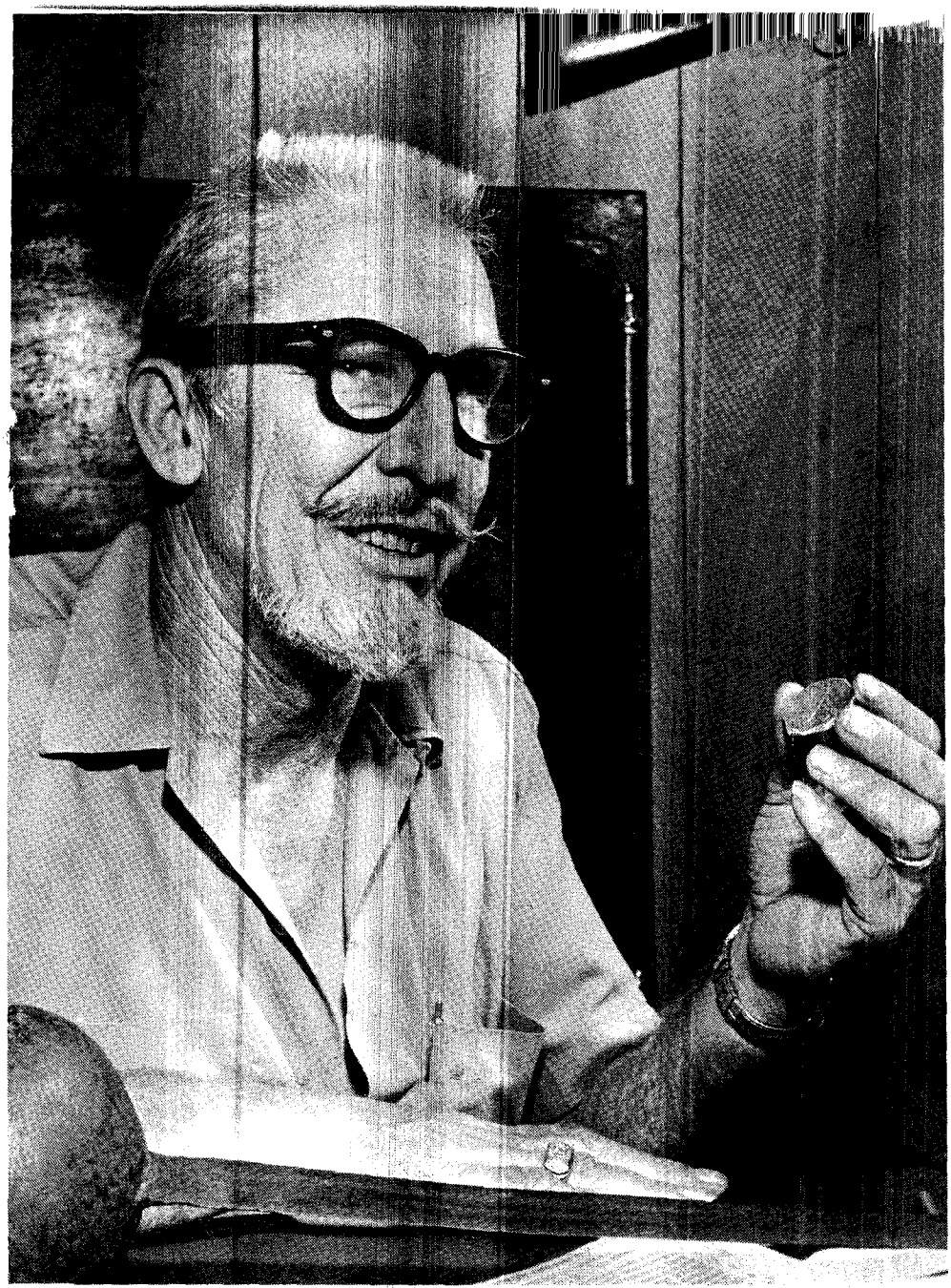

Latest photo of Bill Mahan displaying a new find: a Spanish "8 Real" and cutlass which may have belonged to buccaneer of the Spanish Main.

enough of an opening remained for a man to crawl through. It wasn't long before Bill's beliefs were proven.

After writhing some distance into the narrow hole, the anxious treasure hunter discovered his firse clue as to who had been there before. No, it wasn't American gold seekers. This tunnel was far too ancient to be that recent. Shortly, he found a rusty pick on which was engraved the Spanish coat of arms. Nearby were small pots in which early Spanish miners had burned oil for light.

This wasn't all. Farther into the labyrinth, he spotted segments of a skeleton which was exposed under a pile of rocks. The heart of the treasure hunter began to throb. He had discovered a mine which had been worked by the Spaniards centuries ago, and which was entirely unrecorded by history. His only thoughts concerned what lay ahead.

Frantically throwing back the stones that covered the skeletal remains, he soon came to a rust-eaten sword. It was more than he had hoped for. Something in him told him to go deeper. Sweat began to roll off his face. In a minute, he had uncovered something beyond his wildest dreams. It was an iron-bound, wooden box—the kind once used to haul gold and silver cargo on the backs of pack animals, and it still had the belt loops on it.

The ancient, oak box proved to have "all kinds of good stuff in it," said Bill, happily. In fact, so good were they that his treasure hunting days were forgotten about for the next several months.

One day, not far from where Bill lives now, he was casually scanning the ground with his metal detector near the remains of an old house. While walking over the worn path between the house and well, he detected something. He sunk his spade and soon unearthed three, aged snuff glasses full of silver dollars.

Having an inkling that there might be more, he put his detector over the hole again. It buzzed as before. A little deeper, he uncovered more of the money. Altogether, it totaled more than two hundred silver dollars—certainly not a bad day's find.

Sometime ago, a man came to Bill and wanted his help in finding an iron pot of money which his grandfather had buried on his farm near McKinney. Bill said he would work on a fifty-fifty basis.

Bill explained that they hadn't been on the farm more than an hour when he got a reading. He told the man he believed he had the right location. Eagerly, the grandson pushed his shovel into the hard clay. Clink! He had struck the iron pot. He became so excited that he broke into the old kettle and scattered its valuable contents over the ground before Bill could calm him down.

Bill doesn't find the pot of gold on every trip he makes, he admits. On one trip to an old homestead in Denton County, a friend with Mahan suddenly got a buzz from his electronic instrument. It indicated that a large, round object was buried below. The men dug down and found a metal ring from a wooden water keg.

Again, the detector yelled, and another metal ring was found, and then a third still deeper. Finally, they hit the rusted water faucet to the keg. All the wood had rotted away years before. "Perhaps it had once served as a posthole bank for some settler," Bill guessed.

In one, old, Texas house, Bill found Texas Republic and Civil War money stuffed into a tin can under the creaking stairs. Abandoned military forts and battlegrounds also have proven lucrative for the treasure hunter. Two sites at which Bill has found treasure are the Padre and Mustang Islands off the coast of Texas. "These islands are 132 miles long," Bill said, "and from one-half to three miles wide. The sands are filled with sunken ships, buried treasure, brass cannons, a lost city and archaeological artifacts of a vanished race. At least one, complete, Spanish galleon lies buried there, and the treasure exceeds well over $2,000,000."

In 1553, a Spanish convoy sailed from Vera Cruz, with cargos of silver and gold bars, coins, jewels and precious stones. The twenty ships were caught in a hurricane and three were sunk immediately. It's recorded that four of the galleons sailed safely away, but the other thirteen were swept across the Gulf and were wrecked on the bar of Padre Island.

"American, Spanish, English and even ancient, Roman gold pieces are found at times exposed upon the beach," Bill noted. "Also, on the high spots around the island are many pre-

(Continued on page 55)

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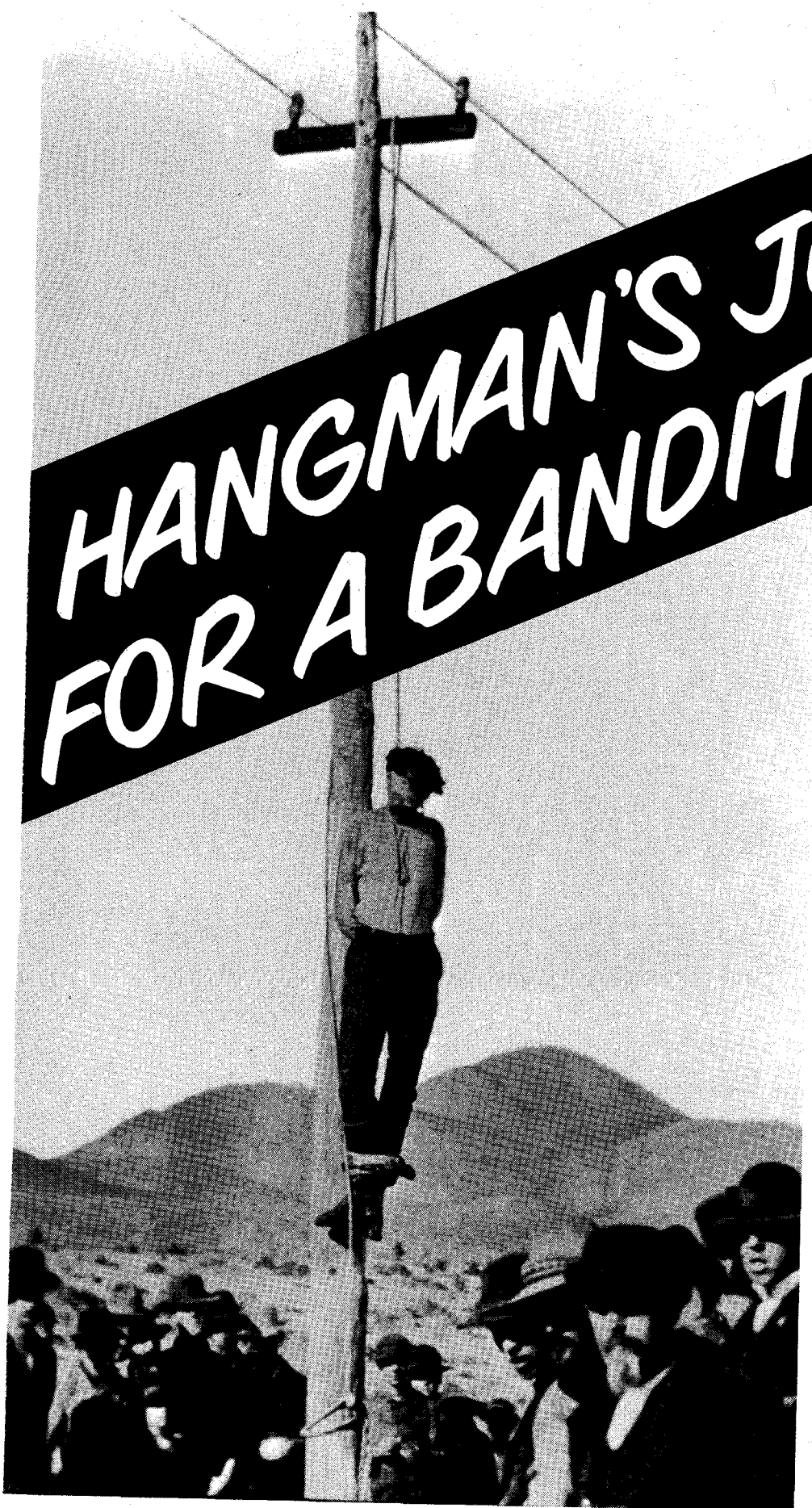
HANGMAN'S JUSTICE FOR A BANDIT JUDAS!



John Heath, taken from the Tombstone jail and lynched by infuriated citizens on February 22, 1884. The pole was still standing in later years.

(all photos courtesy University of Oklahoma Library)

The miners wanted Heath above all the rest of the desperadoes for he had betrayed his townsmen to the outlaws and exposed the women to their bloodthirsty massacre . . .

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John Heath had ridden out of Bisbee, Arizona Territory, before dark on December 8, 1883. He met secretly with six men and returned to his saloon in Brewery Gulch.

About seven-thirty, the six rode into Bisbee, right down Main Street. They all wore black hoods and dark clothing. Outside the general store of Castenado and Goldwater, they dismounted. Three stepped up on the sidewalk, looked around slowly and sauntered into the store. Red Sample looked around at those inside. The two proprietors turned their heads up from their receipts. Sample snapped his gun out.

"Back against the wall!" he shouted. "Everybody!" shattered the glass with a slash of the barrel and grabbed up as much jewelry as he could hold.

Out in the street, Dowd, Delaney and Vaughn all shot in different directions. The lights displayed for the Christmas season shattered one by one as bullets whined in the air. Anything that moved got fired at. Wood splintered and glass flew everywhere. Someone appeared at the boarding house window just as one man fell through the saloon doors. A scream.

Bang! Mrs. Annie Roberts slumped forward. Two dead. Exploding guns ripped up the town.

Down the street, Tom Smith, a deputy, and Albert

First man on left is Tony Downs, part owner, (now dead.) The man in derby at corner of table, beyond case-keeper is a concert hall singer named Doyle. Beyond Doyle, standing, with derby is Dutch Kid; to the right of Dutch, in light colored felt hat is Sleepy Dick, the porter. Over against the wall, wearing a soft hat, just behind the lookout, is Charlie Bassett. Johnny Murphy, is the dealer, and the man wearing silk tile, on extreme right is Smiley Lewis.

The interior of the Orient Saloon, Bisbee, Arizona. A Faro game is in progress.

Kelly and Howard had the clerks cornered. Sample threw a cloth bag over the counter.

"Git to the safe," he ordered Goldwater. From out in the street echoes of gunshots shattered the silence. The piercing sound of a woman's wild scream, and another volley of blazing guns drowned out Sample's shouting orders. Someone moved inside and a quick gun fired, answering the shots outside. It was Duvall; he had been inside and had gone for his gun. Kelly had stopped him with a bullet graze on his shoulder. Sample glanced at the blood already pouring down Duvall's shirt.

"I said freeze!" he shouted at Duvall. "Howard, get the front window!" Howard's gun was two steps ahead. He Nolly came running, guns drawn. For seconds it was a fight. The third shot dropped Smith, and Nolly fell a split second later in front of the store.

Three men burst out the door and joined those in the street. Sample tossed two cloth bags across his saddle.

"Mount up!" he screamed. Six horses bolted and thundered down the canyon, pelting the lower end of the town with bullets. Jim Kriegbaum dashed into the street behind them and, getting one good shot, caught Sample in the arm. But the six riders vanished as the darkness grew thicker.

A crowd gathered quickly around the store, just as the wounded Nolly died. That made five. Mrs. Roberts, Dave

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Rousseau, J. D. Toppinier (sometimes called Tapner), the assayer, and Albert Nolly and Deputy Smith. They were all dead. It was about 8:20 and getting darker by the minute. Kriegbaum was the first to act. He grabbed his horse, mounted and rode hard for Tombstone, 26 miles to the north. Forcing his own energy and the last breath of his horse, he got there in less than two hours.

In record time, a force rode back into Bisbee, led by John Behan, Robert Paul and W. L. (Bill) Daniels. The posse gathered food and water hastily. Just before midnight, a man named John Heath approached Behan and Paul. He knew the territory, he said, every water hole, and wanted to guide the posse. He clenched his fists tightly.

"We gotta get 'em!" he shouted. "Hang 'em!" The posse rode out into the night, Heath shouting in a frenzy as he led them down the canyon, the way the six men had fled.

But where the trail at the end of the canyon turned east, Heath turned the posse south, shouting and waving them on.

"They've gone for the border!" he shouted.

No one else could see any sign of a trail, like Heath said he could. It was too dark; the ground was rock hard. The border idea sounded good.

In the daylight, Behan and Paul realized Heath was off the trail. They circled back to the mouth of the canyon and picked up the trail again. It led them to Sulphur Springs Valley. Around Soldier Holes in the Valley, Heath turned the posse north again, and again Behan and Paul caught the mistake. By the time they got to the Chiricahua Mountains, Heath had tried to lead them off four more times. Paul waved at Behan and they pulled off to one side.

"This guy knows the territory all right," he said as he relaxed the reins. Behan nodded.

"He don't know anything," Behan sighed, "about trails."

One thing which they found, Heath couldn't disguise. In the Chiricahuas, at the bottom of a chasm, were the dead horses. After stealing fresh mounts, the robbers had driven them over the edge. But from there on, the chase was hopeless. The six had scattered. There were no names, no clues, no nothing. After three days, turning, riding, turning again and covering the same ground, the posse rode back into Bisbee, tired and helpless.

But there were three men that couldn't give up. Even with no clues to go on. Two, Paul and Behan, worked together. They rode through the territory, days at a time. Only luck kept them away from the Apaches who roamed the mountains and desert.

After many days, they rode into Frank Buckles' ranch, discouraged, hot and sweaty, about to give up. Buckles hadn't heard the story of what people were calling the Bisbee massacre. After they had filled in the whole family, Buckles took his hat off and fanned his dust and sweat, cursing.

"Those men were through here," he reported. "Bought

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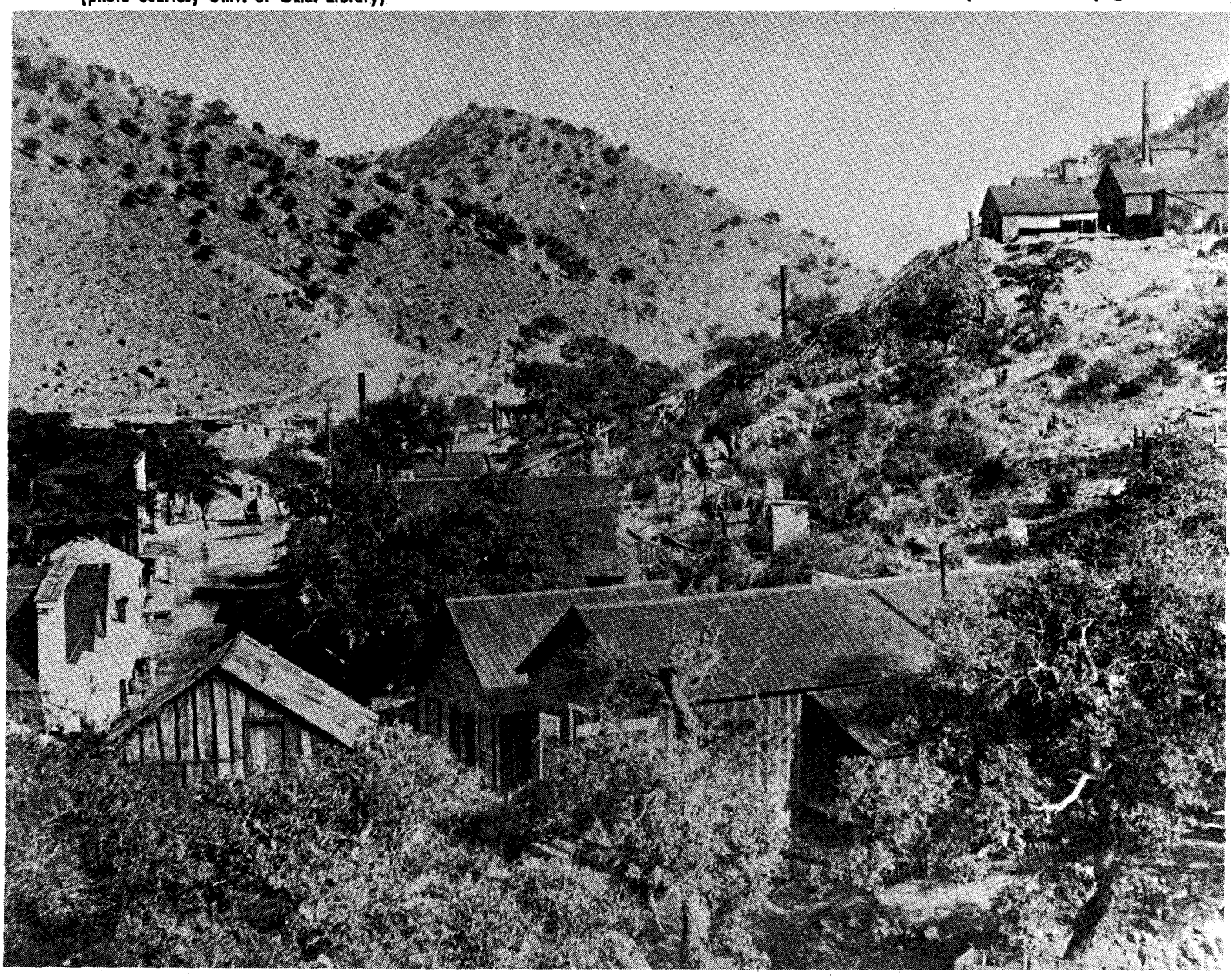
(photo courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library)



Bisbee, Arizona, in the 1880's. Bisbee was a typical mining town.

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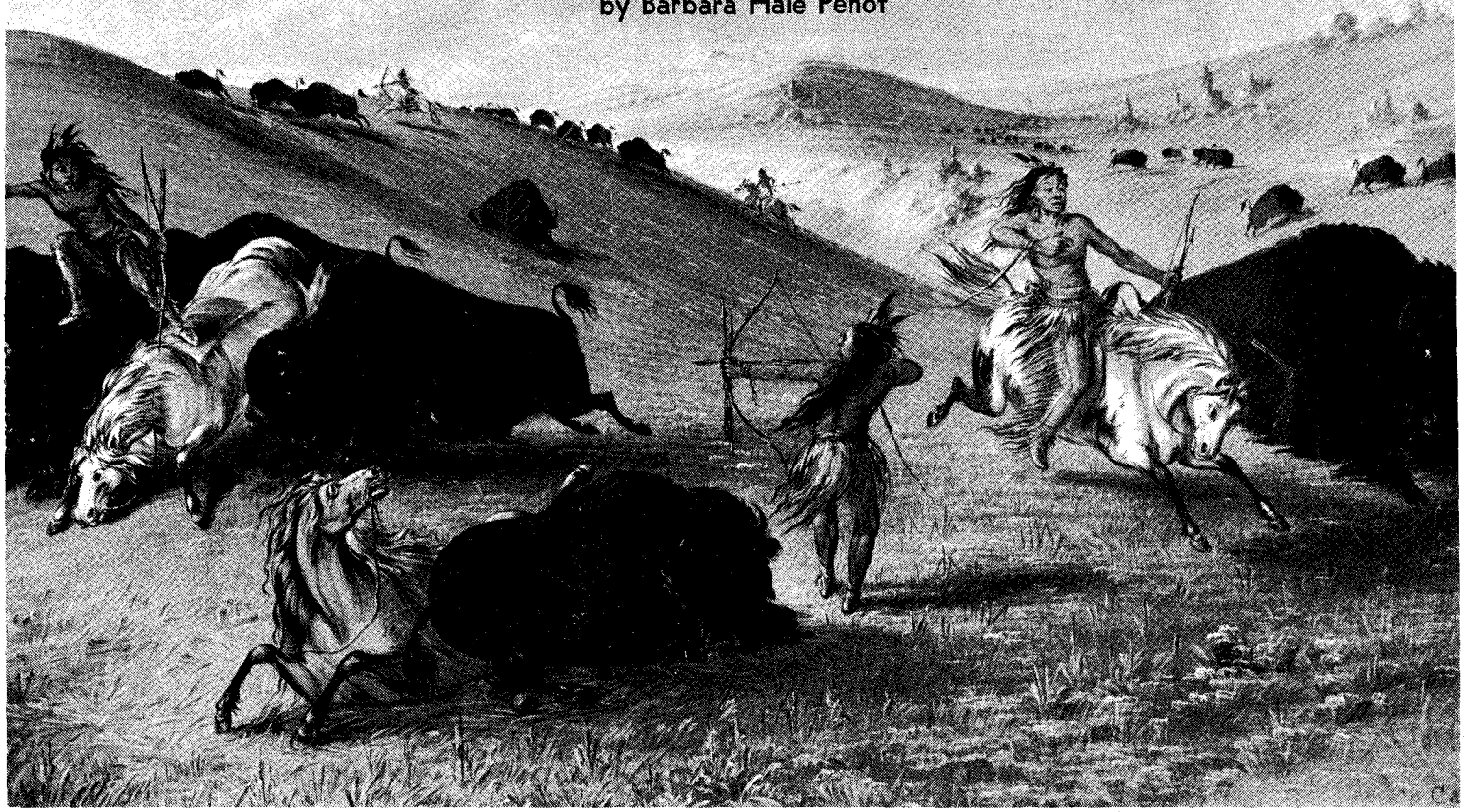
HE CAPTURED INDIANS-- WITH PAINTS

He was privy to secret rites, trusted by chiefs of fierce tribes and risked his life many many times to save the record of the red man he loved . . .

by Barbara Hale Penot



Buffalo Chase, painted in oils no doubt from sketches Catlin made on his field trips.

(all photos courtesy the Thomas Gilcrease Institute, Tulsa, Okla.)

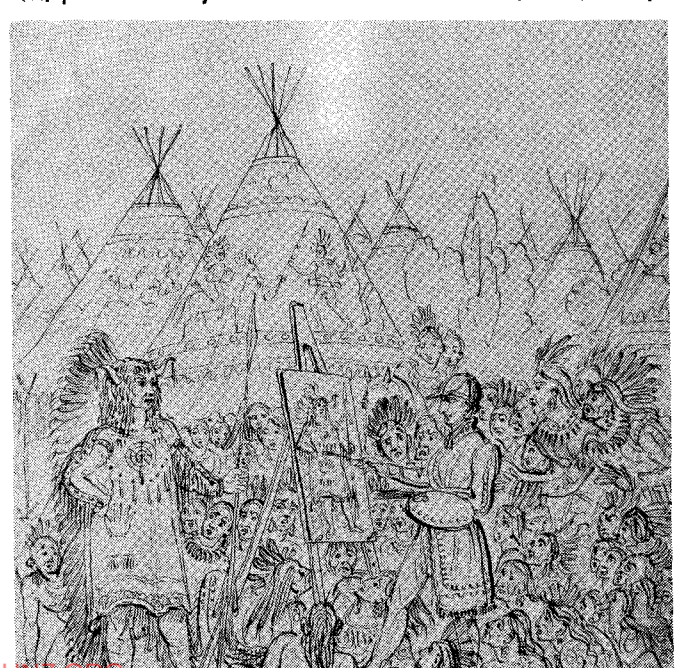
Sweat broke out on the whole of George Catlin's body as he stepped inside the Mandan ceremonial tent. The sight made him want to turn and bolt for the outside. But pride and the fierce desire to paint the picture in front of him, glued his feet to the dirt floor of the teepee.

Leather ropes creaked against wooden poles as the weight of the drooping bodies of Mandan warriors strained the thongs being hauled to the top of the tent. The ends of the ropes were strung around wooden skewers which were thrust in and out of the breast of each young brave.

The bodies hung limp. No sound came from the lips of the braves, but shouts of enthusiasm and encouragement sprang from the mouths of the old men and squaws who were sprawled on the floor, necks thrust back as they looked up at the sight above them.

Grinning skulls gazed downward from hollow eyes as the continuous beating of tom-toms cast a hypnotic spell over the ceremony. Catlin forced his eyes to look up.

Each dangling brave held a shield in one hand and his bow and quiver in the other to add to his weight. When he reached the top of the pole, the Indian was tied by his hands there—head back—*looking at the sun.*



Sketch of Catlin painting an Indian chief.

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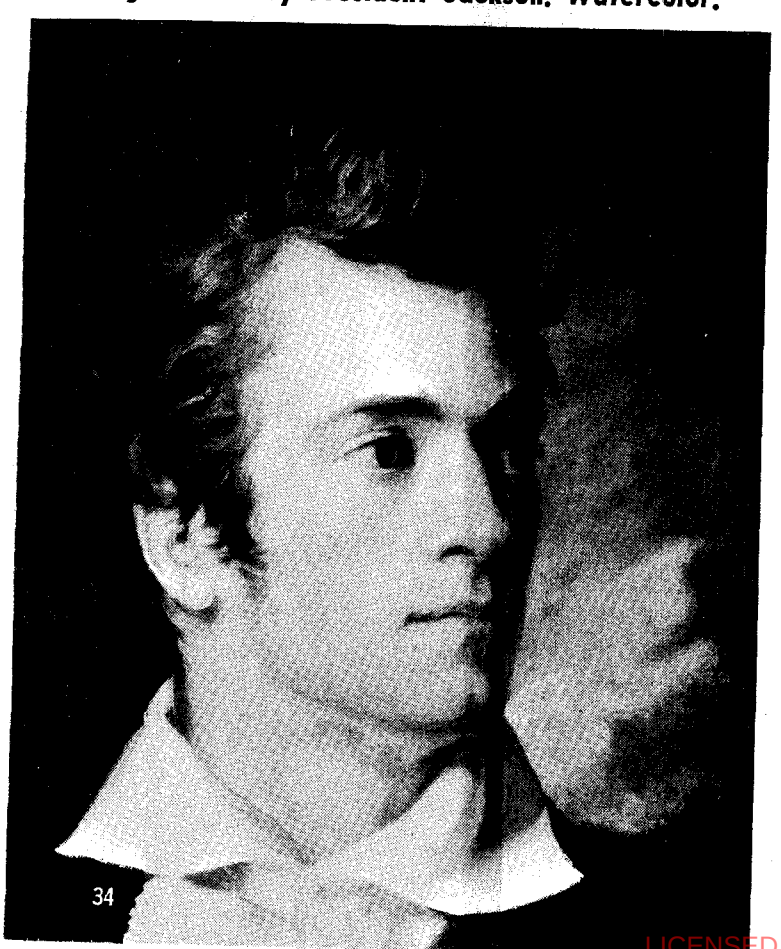
Pigeon Egg Head, son of Assinboine chief, in his native dress and as he looked in the uniform given him by President Jackson. *Watercolor.*



Self portrait of George Catlin when he was a young artist, done in oils.

The ceremony lasted from sunrise to sunset, and if the brave fainted or weakened, he was in danger of losing his reputation. At sunset, when he was lowered, two other braves dragged him around the arena until the skewer piercing his breast broke and worked itself out of his skin.

Catlin's stomach turned as he watched the performance. For once, he wasn't sorry that he didn't have his easel and bladders of oil with him. He wondered what he was even doing there in that place of torture.

He had spent the last four days in the ceremonial tent with the braves and the medicine men, but he hadn't been prepared for this. During the period preceding the self-torture of the young braves, they had been kept inside the ceremonial tent, isolated from contact with anyone on the outside.

They had been under constant surveillance by the half-clad medicine man. It was his duty to lie by a small fire in the center of the lodge with his red, claystone medicine pipe in his hand, crying incessantly to the Great Spirit. All the while, he watched the braves, preventing their escape from the lodge while they fasted. During this time, they were not allowed to eat, to drink or to sleep.

This ritual must have dulled their senses until they were able to stand the self-inflicted wounds made by the wooden skewers. Catlin caught his breath as the spirit of the suffering and the strength and the endurance of the braves washed through his own body.

To most white men, such a ceremony might seem ludicrous, but Catlin understood that by this voluntary torture, the Indian built into himself an undeniable strength with which he could master all of his surroundings. Every detail was vividly imprinted in Catlin's mind, and later he would recapture it on canvas. His vow to "go to the plains and paint the noble red man in his natural dignity" was being fulfilled.

Catlin's first acquaintance with Indians was as a child seated upon his mother's knee. He used to listen to stories of how his grandfather escaped an attacking tribe by swimming underwater to dodge the arrows hurtling toward him.

Catlin's mother and grandmother were actually captured in the Wyoming Valley massacre in 1778, but were later released.

In George's early childhood, he befriended a wrinkled, old Indian whom he found in the forest. A few days afterwards, the old chief disappeared, only to be found later murdered, his tomahawk lying by his side.

The tomahawk became a fearsome toy for the boys in the Catlin family. Once as a cousin hurled it towards a tree, the tomahawk veered to one side, and instead of sinking in the soft wood of the tree, it slashed through the side of George's face. He carried the mark of the tomahawk with him the rest of his life—a slippery scar that marred one side of his patrician face.

The earliest part of George's life was whiled away, according to him, "apparently somewhat in vain, with books held reluctantly in one hand, and a rifle or fishing pole firmly and affectionately grasped in the other."

Later, as a result of persistent urging from his family, George went to school and got a law degree. But he spent more time in the courtroom drawing caricatures and miniature paintings of the judges and juries than he did practicing law. So he sold his law books and gave up the legal profession to teach himself to paint.

He practiced painting portraits in Philadelphia, but every chance he got he travelled to nearby reservations to capture the red men on his canvasses. He was making a living by painting the uppercrust of Philadelphia society, but he yearned for a challenging project to which he could dedicate his life.

From what he saw on the Indian reservations that he visited, he was convinced that the white man's whiskey, guns and diseases were going to finish off the naked, natural beauty of the savages who were even then being

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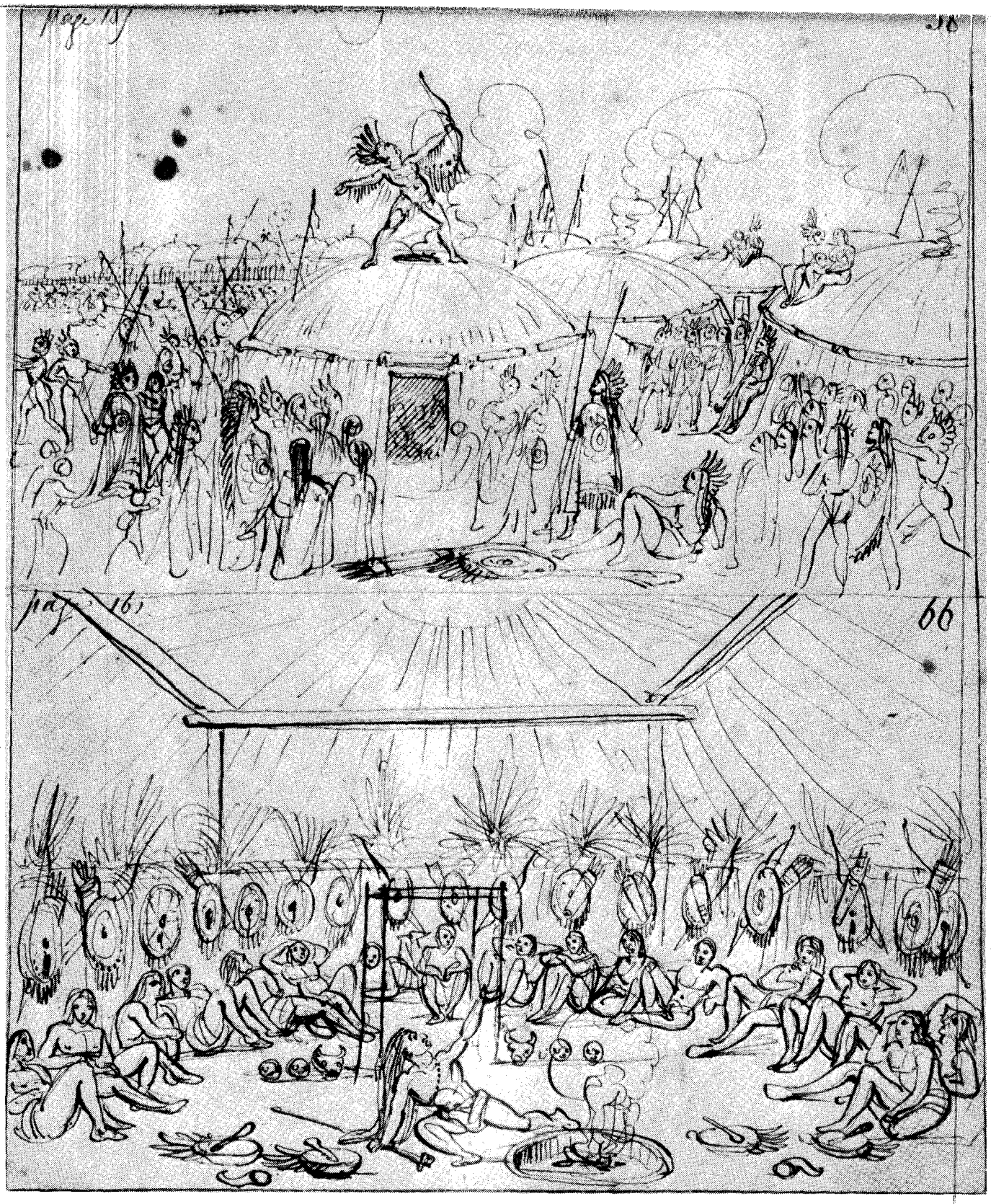
(all photos courtesy the Thomas Gilcrease Institute, Tulsa, Okla.)



Sketch of the interior and exterior of a Mandan ceremonial lodge showing medicine man invoking rain through the spirits of thunder.

pushed further and further westward to the plains of the United States.

In 1830 he gained the support of General William Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the western United States, in his plan to preserve the culture and customs of the red man on canvas. George went to St. Louis, and while he was waiting to make his first voyage out to the plains, he met a delegation of Indians on their way to Washington, D.C.

The group was led by the son of an Assiniboine chief. Said Catlin: "He was dressed in native costume—classic and exceedingly beautiful leggings and a shirt of mountain goat skin, richly garnished with quills of the porcupine and fringed with locks of the scalps taken from his enemies' heads. His head was decked with war eagles' plumes, and his robe was of the skin of a young buffalo bull and was decorated with scenes of the battles of his life."

Here was the noble red man that the artist had come to paint. Catlin pulled out his brush and his easel.

Later, when he was on the Missouri River aboard the steamboat *Yellowstone*, he journeyed with the same delegation which was returning from Washington. "The Indian

(Continued on page 59)

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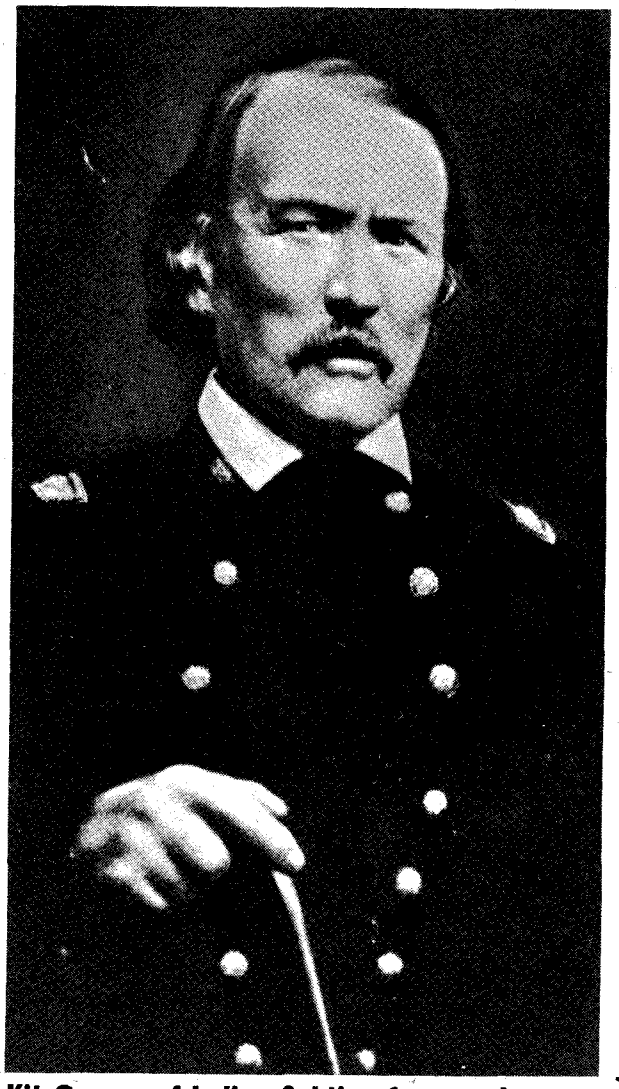
HE STRUCK TERROR TO APACHE HEARTS

He was an indifferent Indian fighter until the Apaches killed his wife and tortured him then he went on the most violent rampage of hatred known to any white man . . .



(photo courtesy Mrs. William Carson)

Kit Carson of Indian fighting fame as he appeared in his brigadier general's uniform.

by Raymond W. and Mary Lund Settle

In 1844, young Albert H. Pfeiffer, the runaway son of a Lutheran minister in Friesland, landed in New York City. Having been born and reared in the calm, cultured atmosphere of a parsonage, he was apparently destined for some vocation in life compatible with it—but only apparently so. Fate, which weaves strange patterns in the lives of men, decreed for him the strangest, most adventurous career the son of a minister ever knew.

With scarcely a pause in the great Atlantic seaport, Pfeiffer hurried on to St. Louis, Missouri, where everybody talked about furs, trapping, trading with the Indians and hunting. There, he also heard about Santa Fe, New Mexico, for one of the cornerstones of the city's prosperity was the Mexican trade.

By some means, possibly in a Bent, St. Vrain & Company wagon train, the lad journeyed down to Santa Fe. That trip sealed his destiny, for after that and until the day of his death, he was distinctly a man of the West. Tradition says he made many round trips over the Santa Fe Trail between the Missouri River and Santa Fe. This would mean that he engaged in the freighting business in some capacity, perhaps as an employee of Bent, St. Vrain & Company, whose trading establishment, known as Bent's Fort, was on the upper Arkansas River. No doubt he also traveled along the southern end of the Santa Fe Trail to El Paso and Chihuahua, for that portion of it was widely used in those days.

For about eight years, Pfeiffer led an inconspicuous,

(photo courtesy the author)

Kit Carson statue at Trinidad, Colorado.

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peaceful life in New Mexico. What he did during the War with Mexico, 1846-1848, is not known, but the probabilities are that he was engaged in freighting on the Great Plains. In 1854, trouble with the Apaches, which had been brewing ever since the American occupation of New Mexico, broke with thunderous fury. On a March day of that year, they administered a bloody defeat to Lieutenant John W. Davidson's troops of Sixty-First Dragoons in the Embudo Mountains, southwest of Taos. Twenty-two American dead were left upon the field, and thirty-two of the remaining forty were wounded. Thus began a struggle between the white men and the savage Apaches which ended only with the capture of fierce, old Geronimo after the Civil War.

Early in 1855, Governor David Merriwether of New Mexico called for six companies of volunteers to assist the regulars under Colonel Thomas Fauntleroy in battering the Apaches, who had now been joined by the Utes. These volunteers were to be commanded by Colonel Ceran St. Vrain. Among the lieutenants was Albert H. Pfeiffer. Setting out from Taos, the combined force marched northward to Fort Massachusetts in the San Luis Valley. With this as a base, they lashed out toward the north.

After a severe campaign of about four weeks, which extended from the Saguache to the Canadian River near the Texas line, the Indians admitted that they were whipped, another treaty was made with them, and the volunteers returned home. Although Pfeiffer's service in this little war did not stand out above that of his comrades in arms, it was important for it introduced him to a type of life he was to live for many years to come. In 1856, he married a Mexican senorita by the name of Antonita, and was appointed captain in 1859.

When Kentucky-born Kit Carson, Captain Smith H. Simpson and six other brave, loyal souls raised the Stars and Stripes in Taos late in 1860, Pfeiffer's sympathies were with them. While regular army officers such as Colonels Loring and Fauntleroy, Major H. H. Sibley and others of lesser rank were preparing to resign their commissions and join the Confederacy, Governor Abraham Rencher issued a proclamation calling for a regiment of volunteers. Ceran St. Vrain was Colonel and Kit Carson Lieutenant Colonel.

Not long after it was organized, St. Vrain resigned, and Kit Carson was appointed Colonel. Pfeiffer, who appears to have been living in Taos at that time, raised a company there and was appointed captain. The volunteers and regulars, all under the command of Colonel E. R. S. Canby, assembled at Albuquerque to oppose a force of Texans marching up the Rio Grande under the command of H. H. Sibley, now a brigadier general in the Confederate Army. They marched downriver to Fort McRae, where they drilled and waited for the coming of the Texans.

Sibley did not keep them waiting long, for he was in a hurry to lay hands upon some $300,000 worth of munitions that a Confederate-minded Secretary of War had sent across the Great Plains and stored at Fort Union, northeast of Santa Fe. In February of 1862, he arrived in the vicinity of Fort McRae with 2,300 tough, hard-riding, straight-shooting men. In a battle near an abandoned ranch called Valverde, which lasted the day of February 21, 1862, both sides hammered each other until neither could claim a victory. Pfeiffer fought under Kit Carson that day and bore himself well under fire, but there was no glory for anybody in it all. Sibley marched on towards Fort Union, and Canby retired to Fort McRae.

In August of 1862, Canby was transferred to an Eastern Command, and General James H. Carlton, one of the most relentless Indian chasers the Southwest ever knew, took over the job of pounding the Apaches into submission. Five companies of Colonel Carson's regiment of volunteers were ordered to Fort Stanton on the Rio Bonito early in October to attack the Mescalero Apaches. Pfeiffer's company, for some reason, did not participate in the campaign. General Carlton moved against the Navajos in June of 1863, by ordering nine companies of Carson's regiment, including Pfeiffer's, to Pueblo, Colorado. When the others marched for the rendezvous, Pfeiffer's company remained at Fort McRae because Pfeiffer was in the hospital, recovering from the effects of the greatest tragedy of his life.

On June 20, 1863, accompanied by his wife, two Mexican servant girls, a civilian by the name of Betts and six soldiers, Pfeiffer went to El Ojo del Muerto, some six or

(Continued on page 61)

Front view of magnificent beaded coat taken from body of chief killed in battle by Pfeiffer.

(photos courtesy the author)

Back view of same coat taken by Pfeiffer in battle showing the intricate bead work and symbolic designs of collar.

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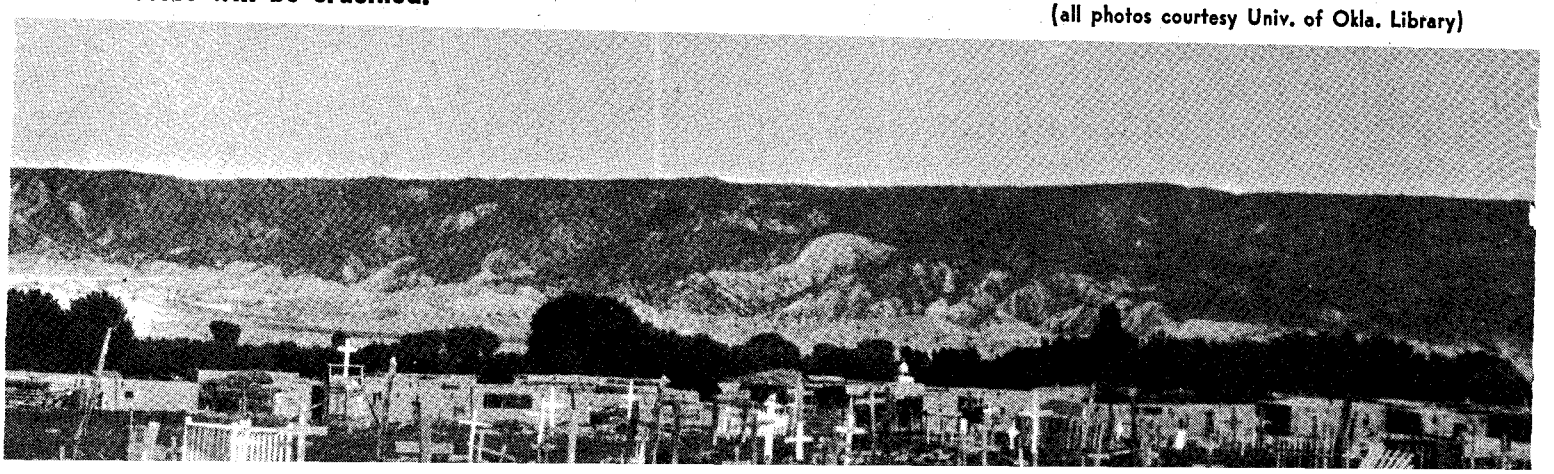
THE CRUCIFIERS

They believe in torture, bloodshed and excruciating pain to the flesh of their victims to atone for the sins of all mankind—they are called Penitentes and the cult still flourishes in the dark nights and secret canyons of New Mexico!

by E. L. Zoltan

A Penitente procession in Rio Arriba County, New Mexico. The members of the cult carrying the crosses will be crucified.

(all photos courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library)



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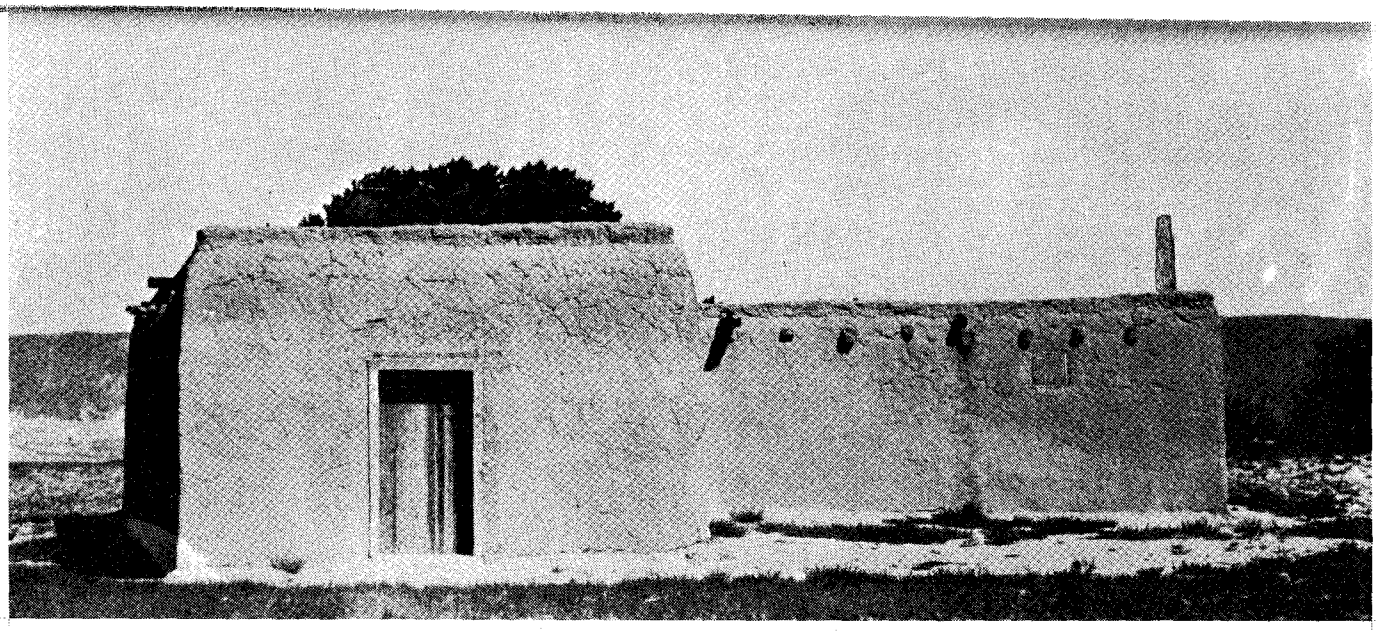

A Penitente Morado in New Mexico. This is the church or secret place of worship for this cult.

THE weird shriek of a reed flute knifed the cold, New Mexico night and carried to every corner of the desert. The settlers inside their cabins stopped and looked at each other, silent, listening to the Piper's bleating.

"What's that, daddy?" one of the children asked.

Daddy shook his head. "Hush, y'hear? You stay inside and never mind. Don't you go out for anything for a while, y'hear?"

Mother got up and went to the window where snowflakes were beating against the glass. Slowly, she closed the curtains.

Another sound came from outside —singing, a strange, doleful chant mixed with the wind, the Piper's tones and the rattling of chains. The solemn chant grew louder as they approached and finally faded away as the singers passed.

No one ventured out to see, for onlookers weren't welcome. But the next morning, the signs were there —a trail of footprints in the snow— barefeet – spotted everywhere with blood, leading up into the hills.

A Penitente procession had passed last night.

Somewhere up in the hills at the end of that trail was a bloody cross, naked now, but last night someone was crucified there. He may have lived or he may have died from the cold and torture, but it would be some time before anyone knew, because this secret, religious cult buried its own and no one asked questions.

That was the way of the Penitentes.

This strange cult, which flourished over central and northern New Mexico during frontier times, is not dead yet even today. There, this cult that believed in atonement for sin through physical pain, practiced its rites of self-inflicted torture and actually crucified willing victims in the desert hills.

No one is sure of the exact origin of the Penitentes, but it is thought that they are descendants of the Flagellants that swept Europe in the Middle Ages. This sect appeared first in Italy in 1210, and spread until thousands of devotees were seen throughout Italy, carrying banners and crosses and lashing themselves with leather whips. This cult spread over Europe, but the exact date it was carried to America is not known.

However, it seems that The Penitente Brothers, the official name of the sect, probably sprang from a popular, laymen's organization called the Third Order of Saint Francis. At one time during the Spanish regime in New Mexico, everyone of any importance belonged to the Order.

After the Mexican Revolution, however, the Franciscans were expelled from New Mexico. This left the Third Order of Saint Francis without regular government. Without any guidance, the local Mexican-Indian version of "sainthood through suffering" eventually got out of hand.

The Penitente rites, held annually in some sections and several times a year in others, are still held today in the desert wilderness. The most important were and are held during the Lenten season, reaching a climax on Good Friday. This strange ceremony has been called the "American Passion Play," but unlike a play, the blood was real.

In frontier times, the rites were even more cruel than today. Crucifixions were more frequent and death came more often. The curious settler, lucky enough to get close to the *morada*, or meeting place, without being seen, would witness one of the strangest spectacles in the West.

This was the scene:

Each night during Lent, the Penitente Brothers gathered in the *morada* for prayer and instruction, but every Friday night until Good Friday, a procession of self-whippers would march from the *morada* to the *Calvario* cross at the end of the ritual.

As the door of the *morada* opened, the Piper marched out, playing his eerie dirge on the reed pipe. Following him were five brothers dressed only in white, muslin trousers. Each carried a whip made of Spanish bayonet fibers with a knot of cholla cactus spines at the end. Next came the *Hermano Mayor*, or elder brother, who was followed by marchers who carried lanterns and rattled chains, and other brothers who guided the whippers.

Moving slowly, step by step, with the Piper in the lead, the brothers began the mournful chant. Each of the whippers began to swing the lash, first over one shoulder and then over the other. With each swish and dull thud, the cactus pines stabbed into the naked backs, inflicting horrible wounds, and then returning again to inflict another.

If one of the whippers faltered, he was spurred back to his self-torture by the lash of a blacksnake whip wielded by a guide. The whipping went on, leaving a trail of spattered blood on the path all the way to the *Calvario* cross.

At the cross, the whippers fell to the ground, prostrating themselves, as the other brothers gathered around to sing a solemn hymn. Ironically, the Penitentes kept many of the Latin hymns sung in the Catholic Church.

After the hymn at the cross, the brothers would return to the *morada*.

Few outsiders ever witnessed the secret rites within the *morada*, but those who did tell fearful tales of ritual self-torture.

The *morada* usually was a small, one-story building, usually of adobe, although some of the oldest were of stone. The oldest were without windows and had only one door in order to maintain privacy, but some of the latter ones were made with windows so as not to attract attention.

Inside, there was usually a crude altar, draped in black, and some-

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A Penitente cross, erected at the site of the Holy Week Ceremonial.

times decorated with skulls cut out of white cloth. The rest of the dark chapel was decorated with candles, crucifixes, human skulls and cheap statues of the Saints and the Holy Mother.

In these surroundings, the Penitente brothers met for their rites of prayer, Biblical enactments and self-torture, including self-inflicted whippings and walking with bare feet over paths of cholla cactus.

On Ash Wednesday, the brothers drew lots to select the *Cristo,* or Christ, the one to be crucified on Good Friday. And all during Lent, final preparations were made for this important day.

This is what it looked like:

It is the morning of Good Friday. As the first light of the rising sun breaks over the Sangre de Cristo Mountains that range to the east, the door of the *morada* opens and the Penitente brothers file out for the last ceremony—indeed, for some it may be the last on earth.

How strange that the mountains that border the very heart of the Penitente region were named the Sangre de Cristo by the Spanish padres, for this means "blood of Christ" in English.

Again the Piper takes the lead in the procession. Behind him the *Cristo* staggers under the weight of his heavy cross. Several others carry smaller crosses behind him.

Slowly, the bloody procession moves toward *Calvario.*

In the rear are the whippers, naked to the waist, flogging themselves with cactus flails. And on each side are armed men who keep back the curious or any who might try to interfere, while camera bugs are absolutely forbidden.

It has long been suspected that more than one would-be photographer of this ritual has found his way to a Penitente grave.

The Passion Play is complete and realistic. The weight of the cross is so great that the *Cristo* stumbles frequently, as Christ did at Calvary, and more than once the brothers must stop to lift the cross off the fallen *Cristo.*

When the procession reaches the top of *Calvario,* a circle of fourteen crosses is formed. Around this the Penitentes march, stopping for a prayer at each of the crosses, which represent the fourteen "stations of the cross," which are used today by several denominations.

After the stations are said, the *Cristo's* cross is laid on the ground. Then, the *Cristo* is stretched out on the cross and his wrists and ankles are bound so tightly that his flesh turns blue. Some of the earliest victims were actually nailed to the cross in night rituals.

After the *Cristo* is bound, the cross

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with its human burden is slowly raised into position and anchored in its hole. All is silent, except perhaps for the sobs of the *Cristo's* wife or mother. The *Cristo* is left to hang there until the *Hermano Mayor* gives the signal to have him taken down —unconscious, perhaps dead—and carried back to the *morada.*

If the *Cristo* lives, well and good, and if he dies, he is buried secretly. His boots or shoes, placed on the doorstep of his home, are the only word his wife or relatives will receive of his death. The boots are a message that the *Cristo* has gone on a long journey.

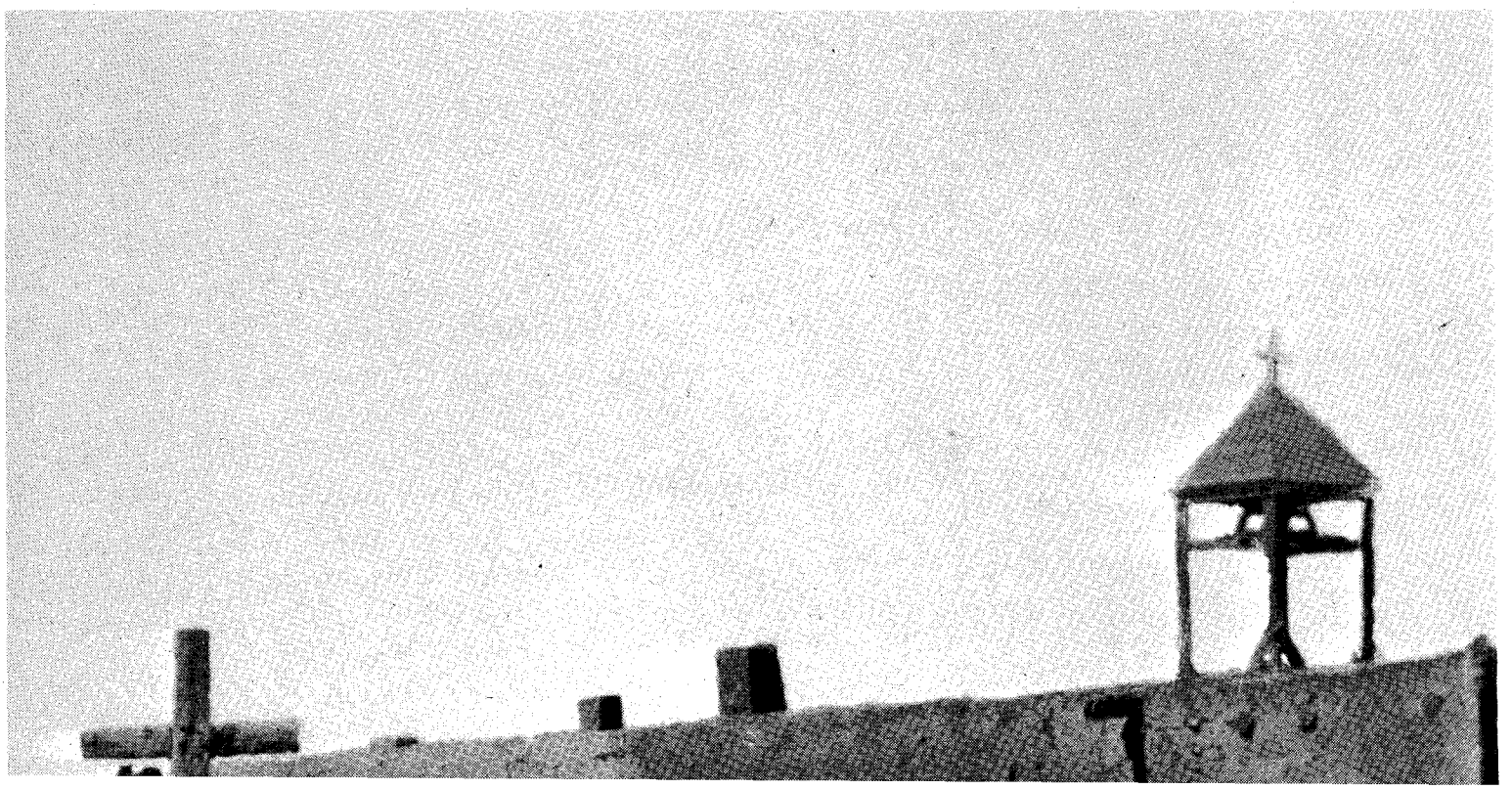
The family would not be notified of the exact location of the grave for a year. At that time, one of the small, wayside crosses so common in that section of New Mexico would be erected over the grave, perhaps in some secluded spot or along a roadside. And each passing friend would say a prayer and leave a small stone, which would soon grow into a pile known as a *descanso.*

But not all the white crosses mark the graves of *Cristos.* Many are the graves of the whippers, because they often died after the ordeal also. Cactus spines make deep puncture wounds that easily become infected, and the brother often suffered from loss of blood. If he died, he was buried secretly in the same manner as the *Cristo.*

And so the numbers of wayside crosses that dot hills of northern and central New Mexico grew. Most are badly weathered now by the desert sun and winter snows, and plants grow among the stones in the *descanso* at the base. But every once in a while in some lonely spot, a new cross will spring up, for this old cult is not yet dead even today.

Earle R. Forrest's *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest* lists seven New Mexico counties having Penitente communities: Sandoval, San Miguel, Taos, Mora, Colfax, Rio Arriba and Valencia. And that was published in 1929!

More modern historians, however, say that the Penitentes are dying out. But the small, wayside crosses with their pile of prayer stones will probably remain for some time as a reminder of the bloody rituals that took place in those desert hills. ●



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KING OF

WIDOW Maker, Stinky, Few Brains, Old Guts, Churn Head, Cannon Ball, Dough Gut, Stockings, Rambler, Sunfisher . . . He was known by many names—some printable others not. But whether he was called "Sassy Sam' or "Crowbait," the name his rider put on him usually fit.

Fiction writers have had a lot of fun with the cow horse, portraying him as everything from a proud, white stallion with a silver saddle to a talking, dancing near-genius. But the horse that bowed cowboys' legs in the Old West—the *real* cow horse—was quite a different animal.

In the first place, a cowboy usually called his horse a "horse," or a "cow horse" if he were feeling fancy, and not a "cow pony," "pony" or otherwise.

And in the second place, the loyal, quick-thinking steed that carried his master around from sunup to sundown, that untied the knots when Indians tied up his master, that rescued his rider from tree branches on cliffs and other assorted predicaments, didn't exist either. Not outside Hollywood anyway.

In truth, the trail hand didn't ride just *one* horse, but was given a whole string. These strings made up the trail herd's "remuda," also called the "remootha" in the Southwest, "cavvy" in the Northwest, and simply "the hosses" in Texas.

At any rate, the one, faithful trail-partner portrayed in the Westerns just couldn't stand up to all the riding the trail hand had to do. Furthermore, he couldn't be expected to be an expert at swimming rivers, roping and cutting cattle, and nightriding all at once.

No, even the cow horse tended to be a specialist.

Two men of the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch breaking a horse.

When the cowpuncher strode out to his string in the morning, he found a bunch of hay-chewing experts. If he were lucky there would be a roping horse, especially trained to aid the rider in lassoing and tying animals; sometimes a good cutting horse, used to "cut" animals out of the herd; a night horse for navigating in dark, unfamiliar territory; maybe a river horse to ride when the going was wide and wet; and morning horses, afternoon horses, and usually a few half-broken nuisances that were used

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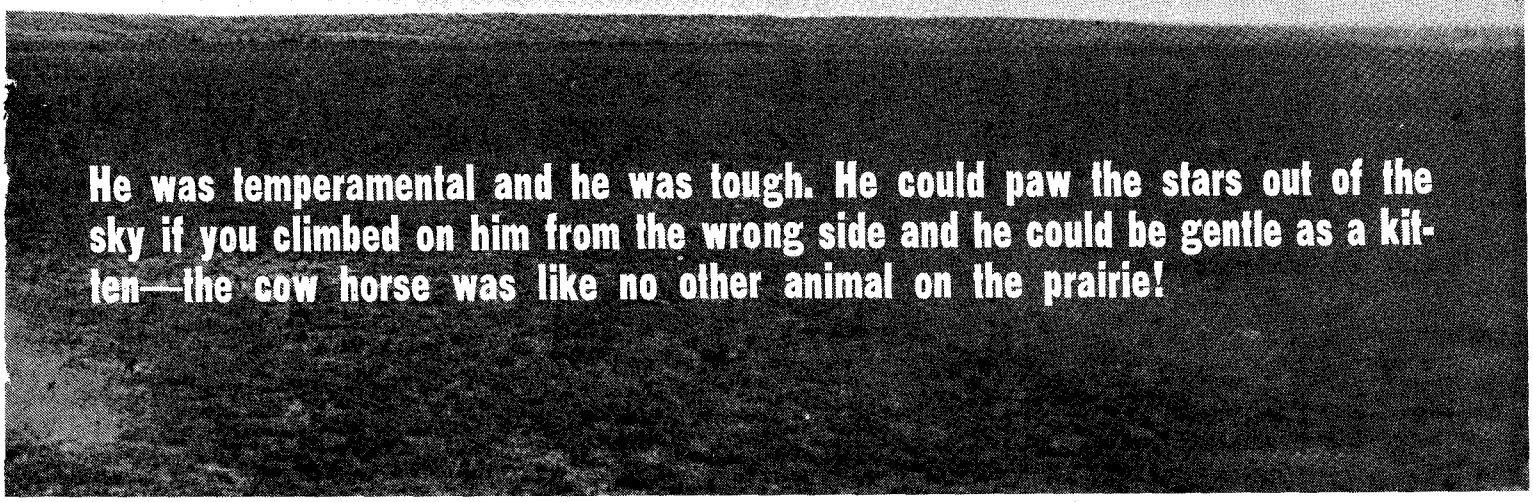
THE PRAIRIE



He was temperamental and he was tough. He could paw the stars out of the sky if you climbed on him from the wrong side and he could be gentle as a kitten—the cow horse was like no other animal on the prairie!

for fill-ins and were broken gradually.

The top-ranking mount in any outfit was the one trained for cutting cattle out of the herd. Only after years of training was the coveted title of "cutting horse" bestowed, and the puncher who could boast of having one in his string was the envy of all his pals.

When a cutting horse began his work, he was first made to understand which animal he was after. Then, he and the rider would quietly urge the animal to the edge of the herd, and here the cutting horse would take over. From here on, it was the shorse's show, and the rider's main job was to stay in the saddle.

A sudden charge by the horse would frighten the animal out of the herd, but the cow was sure to try to get back in by dodging and ducking and turning quickly. A good cutting horse, however, could anticipate the slow-thinking cow's moves, and could spin and move faster than the cow. Naturally, it took an expert rider to sit a cutting horse: A greenhorn landed in the dust.

The most unusual aspect of the cutter, however, was that all his work was done with a loose rein. Some horses were so well-trained that they could do the job without even a bridle. And rarely did any good cutter need any cueing. Any directions the rider did give were usually only words, leg pressures or slight movements of the rein.

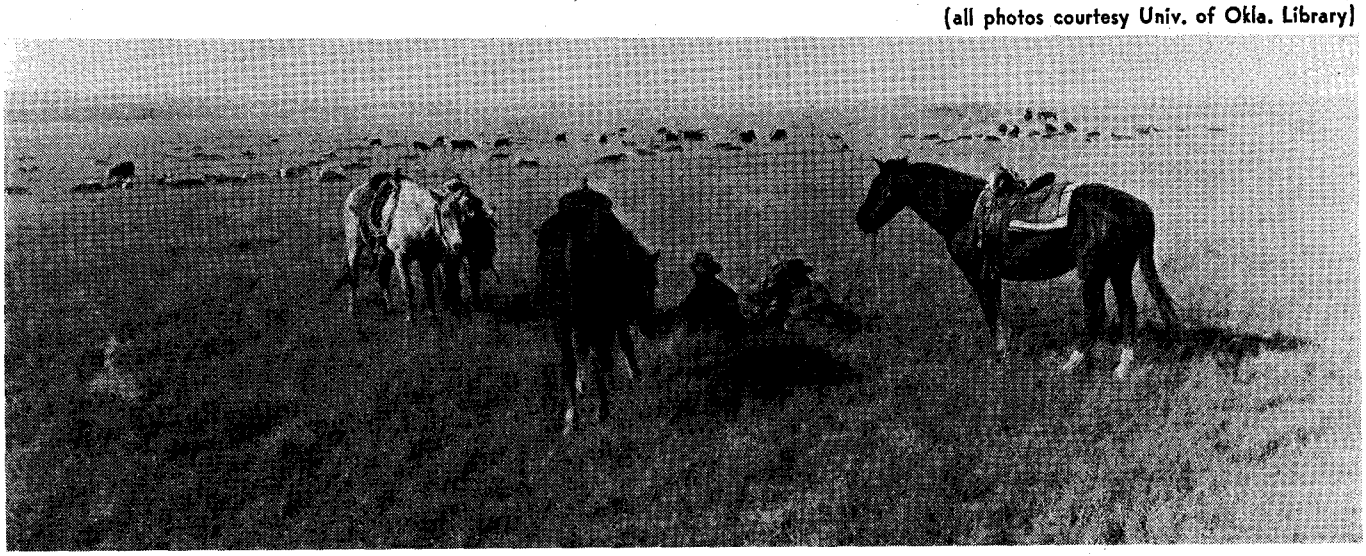
Another important horse in cattle country was the roping horse, sometimes called a "rope horse." This fast-moving mount was needed to keep up with a running steer, position the roper for the throw, and bring the animal down and keep him down, even after his rider had dismounted. Grown cattle would attack a man on foot, so the rope horse came into play even when working in a corral.

When the cowpoke unfastened the looped thong, or "nigger catcher," or unbuckled the strap that held the coiled rope, the first-rate rope horse knew what was coming. And as soon as the rider shook out the loop, the horse would be looking for the animal to be caught.

Streaking toward the selected steer, the roping horse knew better than to pass the running animal; instead, he would run close behind and to the side. As the lariat circled above, the horse would maintain a constant distance from the animal, waiting for the cast.

If the loop missed, he would drop behind, but if the rope found its mark, he would display his training.

(all photos courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library)



Day herding on the great plains.

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Cattle watering in a lake with two cowboys resting on their mounts.

A side jerk might pull down both horse and rider, so the rope horse would turn instantly to face the animal. At the gentlest tug of the bit, the horse would sit back, hindfeet well under him, forefeet braced straight out in front, to receive the shock.

Hard experience taught the horse never to let the animal get up or get a side run on him. The second the steer dropped, the mount would pull back on the rope and would keep it taut. Even if the rider dismounted and left the horse alone, a good rope horse would maintain that pull "until hell froze to icicles."

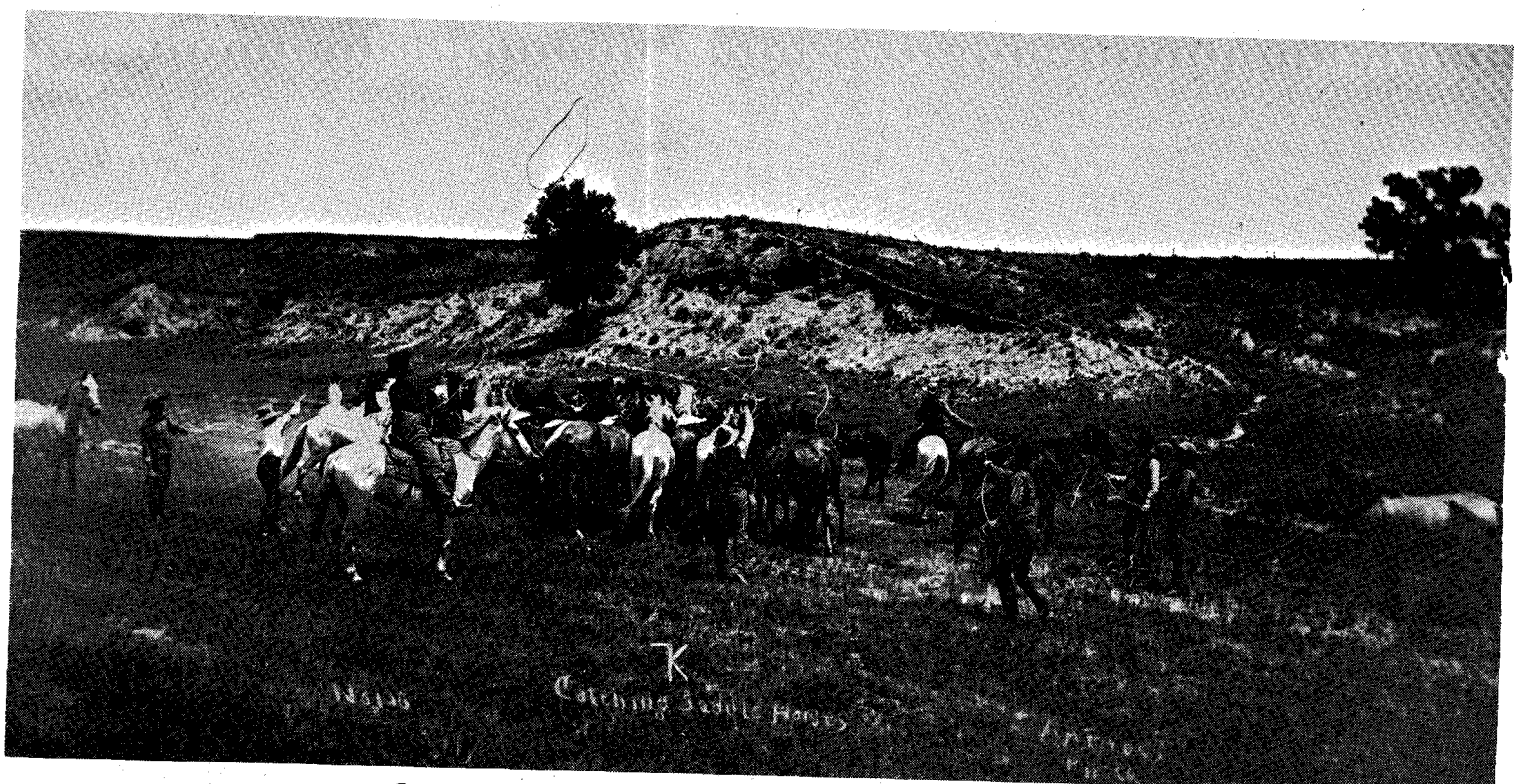
Much the same training was displayed by the "night horse," because often the rider was blind in the dark or was asleep in the saddle. No headlights in those days, you know.

Of course, the old-time cowpuncher selected his night mount with great care. The chief qualities he looked for were gentleness, sure-footedness, keen eyesight, dependability and a good sense of direction.

Old-timers say that a seasoned night horse could spot a straying cow in the dark long before his rider could, and could head her back in without guidance. Often the cowboy, dozing in the saddle as he jogged around the sleeping herd, would be awakened by his mount's making a sudden dash towards a straying animal.

Old-timers even claim that an experienced night horse could tell within a few minutes when the two-hour watch was over. They say that he would stop and shake his head and pull on the bit when he figured it was time to head back to camp.

But when a night stampede erupted, the night horse really showed his stuff. With thunder and lightning crashing over the panicked herd the rider gave the horse his head. Only the horse, racing along beside the surging herd, could know what to do in the dark. And in times like this, a sure-footed night horse was worth



Cowboys catching their saddle horses from the remuda.

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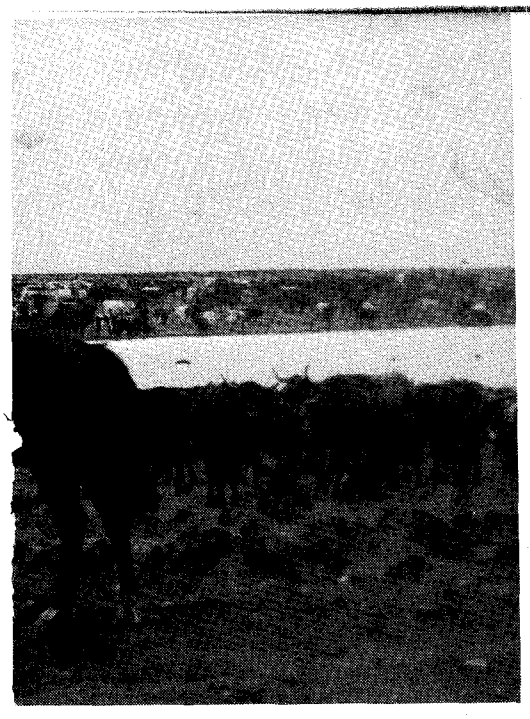

his weight in gold.

Crossing a river was not usually such an emergency situation, but it had to be done often. A herd starting from San Antonio, for example, and heading for Abilene, Kansas over the Chisholm Trail had to cross the Red, the Cimarron, the Arkansas or any of half a dozen other rivers up to a mile wide. And unruly longhorns didn't particularly like water.

When the herd began crossing the river, the rider usually dismounted and swam beside his horse, holding on. Great care had to be taken in guiding the horse in the water, for a tug on the reins might easily roll the horse over. And even the gentlest horse would panic if floundering. If that happened, the frightened horse would paw desperately, trying to climb right out on top of the water, and he'd do it by trying to climb onto the cow hand's shoulders. Guess where that put the cowboy?

No, the cowpoke was careful with his horse in the water. He usually directed him by lightly splashing water at his face or with slight movements of the bit. The reins were used carefully if the puncher rode his horse in the water. (Some horses swam "high" so that they could be ridden, but most swam so low in the water that the cow hand's weight would sink him.)

Aside from these special-purpose horses, the rest of the remuda was made up of assorted kinds of "day hosses," usually geldings. Geldings made the best cow horses because stallions fought too much and disturbed a peaceful remuda and mares were often jumpy and apt to be a bunch of quitters.

The puncher was responsible for his own string, and taking a horse from him was an invitation to quit. Oddly enough, when he was allotted his string, he was rarely told anything about them, and he asked no questions; doing that was like implying a lack of confidence and knowledge. The cowpoke was left to learn for himself about the string's peculiarities.

And peculiarities there were!

Horses are creatures of habit, and a temperamental cow horse would raise dust if his habits were violated. It is true that some horses would buck if mounted from the wrong side, and others would protest if saddled before bridled, if they were used to having things happen the other way around.

And when a cow horse pitched, it was something to see! American broncs apparently invented the sport, since there seems to be no record of European or Arabian horses ever actually bucking, and the American range horse developed it to a fine art.

There's a colorful, old, cowboy song that recalls the ride a stranger had on a Mexican horse called Zebra Dun. Here's part of it:

"Old Dunny was a rocky outlaw
that had grown so awful wild,
He could paw the white out of the
moon every jump for a mile.

* * *

When the stranger hit the saddle,
Old Dunny quit the earth,
And traveled right straight up for
all that he was worth;
A-pitching and a-squealing,
a-having wall-eyed fits,
His hind feet perpendicular, his
front ones in the bits.

* * *

We could see the tops of mountains under Dunny every jump,
But the stranger he was growed
there, just like a camel's hump;
The stranger sat upon him and
curled his black mustache,
Just like a summer boarder waiting
for his hash."

Quite a show!

Some cow horses would pitch all over the pen with a saddle on, but wouldn't hump a back when a man crawled on. Some were just the other way around—"gentle enough to stake to a hairpin" when saddled, but suddenly developing a "belly full of bedsprings" when mounted. You just couldn't tell.

All in all, every cow horse seemed to have a personality of his own. Some could be counted on as a friend, and others were the orneriest things that ever looked through a bridle. It just depended on the horse, and the horse could be depended on to be the type of horse he was. Specialist or not, gentle or mean, he could be depended on to be himself . . . the king of the prairie. ●

(all photos courtesy University of Oklahoma Library)

The cow horse was an important part of the team when branding time came around.

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THE GREAT RIVER OF ALASKA

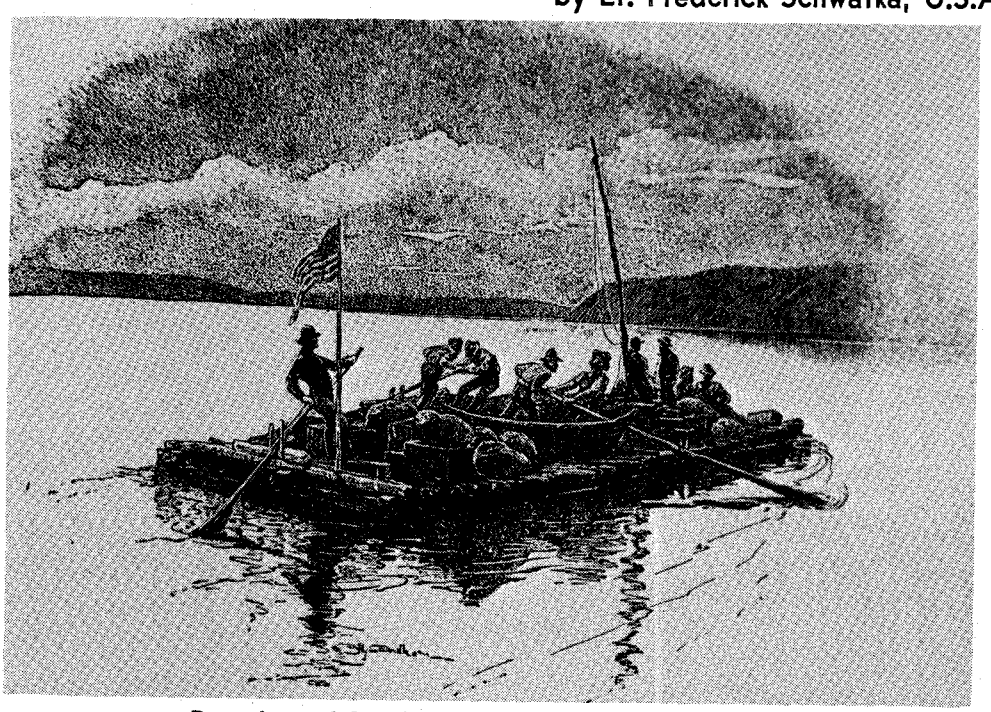
EXPLORING THE UPPER YUKON

PART 1

Map of Alaska and part of British Columbia showing the Yukon River from its source in British Columbia to its mouth in Alaska being the course of Lt. Schwatka's raft-journey.

Here, in his own words, is a description by the first white man to see the upper Yukon and traverse its length!!

by Lt. Frederick Schwatka, U.S.A.



Drawing of Lt. Schwatka's raft, *The Resolute*.

Editor's Note: One hundred years ago this year, on October 18, 1867, the United States took possession of Russian America with a brief, flag-raising ceremony in Sitka, Alaska.

Secretary of State William H. Seward had arranged for the $7,200,000 purchase with the Russian Minister, Baron Edouard de Stoeckl, during the early hours of the morning of March 30—the last day the Congress was in session—and the necessary legislation was rushed through by a narrow margin of one vote during an executive session.

At the time, not much was known about the new possession even though this vast wilderness had been penetrated by white men, mainly along the Lower and Middle Yukon River.

In 1883, Lt. Frederick Schwatka of the U.S. Army received permission to explore the upper reaches of the river, and with a small party embarked upon one of the longest raft journeys ever undertaken in the interest of exploration.

Here, in his own words, is his story as he told it for Century Magazine in 1885, two years after he completed the trip.

(all photos courtesy the author)

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THE Yukon River naturally divides itself into three portions: the Upper Yukon, measuring about five hundred miles, and reaching from its source to Fort Selkirk, where it is joined by the Pelly; the Middle Yukon, extending from Fort Selkirk for another five hundred miles to Fort Yukon, at the junction of the Porcupine or Rat River; and the Lower Yukon, nearly a thousand miles in length, reaching from Fort Yukon to the river's many mouths in Bering Sea and Norton Sound.

The middle and lower rivers had been traversed by Russian navigators or in the interest of the Hudson's Bay Company, thus completing the exploration of three-fourths of the Nile of Alaska; but the upper river was still unknown till the early summer of 1883.

To describe briefly the Yukon and its exploration from Selkirk to its source, thus completing the chain, is the object of this article. Or, speaking more correctly, from its source to Fort Selkirk; for it was with the current that my little party floated on a raft over this part of the river.

That Alaskan Indians of various tribes had broken through the different passes in the glacier-clad mountains which separate the Pacific from the headwaters of the Yukon in order to trade with the Indians there, has been known for over a century.

Why this route had not been picked out long ago by some explorer, who could thereby traverse the whole river in a single summer instead of combating its swift current from its mouth, seems singular, and can only be explained by supposing that those who would place sufficient reliance on the Indian reports to put in their maps the gross inaccuracies that even fill all our government charts of the Yukon's source, would be very likely to place reliance on the same Indians; and these, from time immemorial, have united in pronouncing this part of the river unnavigable even by canoes, filled as it is with rapids, whirlpools and cascades.

Arriving in Chilkat early in June, 1883, I found that miners had pioneered the way some distance down the river in search of gold, but no white person had as yet explored this part of the river. When I humbly suggested a raft as my future conveyance, and hoped to make the whole river in a summer's dash, I was hooted at and ridiculed by natives and white men alike.

There are four passes known to the Indians, leading over from salt water to the sources of the Yukon. The one by way of Lynn Channel and Chilkoot Inlet is the best of all, and is the one that was undertaken by my party.

For many years this pass had been monopolized by the Chilkoot Indians, who did not even allow their half-brothers, the Chilkats, to use it. Both bands united in opposing the migration of the interior tribes to the coast for trading purposes, wholly monopolizing this Alpine commerce. (I used numbers of each of these three bands of Indians in packing my effects over the mountains.)

As I have intimated, the journey began on the 7th of June, when we left Chilkat with thirteen canoes, I believe, towed in a long, continuous string by a little steam launch kindly placed at my disposal by Mr. Spuhn, the manager of the Northwest Trading Company.

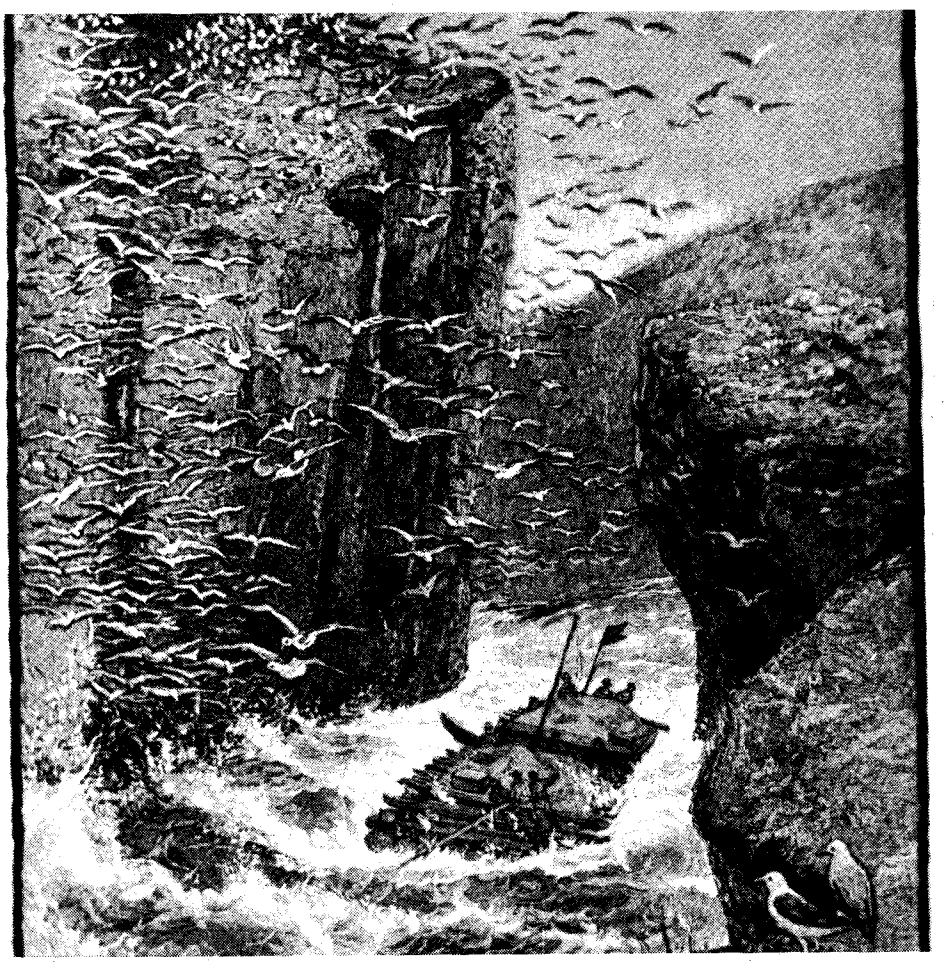
They formed a pretty sight as they were towed down the Lynn Channel and up the Chilkoot Inlet, some twenty miles to the Chilkoot mission, where four or five canoes full of the latter tribe of Indians were added to the already long chain. Leaving the Chilkoot Inlet and entering another that the Indians called the Dayay, we could fairly say that our explorations had begun.

This inlet, like so many in Alaska, has more the appearance of a large river than a salt-water estuary—flanked on either side by immense, precipitous mountains, covered nearly to their tops with a dense growth of spruce and pine, and capped with snow-white glacier ice, which feeds a thousand silvery waterfalls whose gleaming stripes down the shaggy mountainside give a beautiful relief to the deep, somber green of the foliage.

The mouth of the Dayay was reached that evening, and our effects of some three or four tons were lightered ashore by means of the Indian canoes. The launch steamed out of sight, and my little party of seven white men was left alone, with nearly ten times that number of Indian allies, to fight our way over the mountain range whose eastern slopes feed the great river that we desired to explore. Up the swift current of the Dayay, only thirty to forty yards in width, the Indians transported the load in canoes; two to each canoe, one pulling by a rope fastened to the bow and the other keeping the craft out in the stream by a long, stiff pole reeved into the rope.

Reaching the head of navigation at the foot of a boiling cascade, the canoes were unloaded and drawn out of water, and placed under cover of the dense willows that line the banks of this stream. Each human pack-mule now adjusted his load for the struggle ahead, the average weight of a pack being over a hundred pounds for the adults; one Indian carrying as much as one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and boys of fourteen or fifteen, who had eagerly solicited "a pack," carried from thirty to seventy pounds.

We followed the trail which led to the very head of the Dayay, where its waters poured beneath bridges and banks of snow, until we stood at the base of the pass, towering some 3,000 to 3,500 feet above us, capped with snow, and with long, finger-like glaciers of clear, blue ice extending



The raft in the Rink Rapids of the Upper Yukon.

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View of the Grand Canyon, of the Upper Yukon.

down the granite gulches to our very level.

Early on the morning of the 11th the pass was essayed, and it was an interesting sight to see our sixty-odd packers strung out along the steep, snow-covered mountainside. In many places the ascent seemed almost perpendicular—the Indians using their hands and knees, and laying hold of the stunted juniper and spruce roots that stuck through the thin covering of snow.

Along the steep drifts, where a misstep would have hurled them down the mountainside, the foot-tracks of the leaders were made deep and inclining inward so as to give a firm foothold, and many of the party used rough alpenstocks to aid them. At the top of the pass, 4,000 feet and more above sea level, we were in the drifting fog that forever hangs over these vast fields of elevated ice, and which cuts off the fine view that we had anticipated from such a favorable height.

The descent from Perrier Pass, as I called it, is very rapid for a few hundred yards, but it is a pleasant walk compared with the toilsome struggle to its summit.

I noticed that when following a course on the snow (uphill, on a level or even on a slight descent), Indians always step in each other's tracks. The result was that our sixty-odd Indians made a trail that looked as if only five or six had passed that way; when going down a steep descent, however, each one would follow a separate course, and they would scatter out over many yards.

I could not help being impressed with the idea that this would be worth remembering if one ever had occasion to estimate the number of a party of Indians that had traveled over a fresh trail.

Passing by a number of small lakes on our left, some of which still contained floating ice in small quantities, we sighted the main lake late in the afternoon. In a couple of hours, we found ourselves upon its banks at the mouth of a beautiful, clear stream, boiling down from the mountainside.

This lake, which I named Lake Lindeman, was a beautiful sheet of water, some ten or twelve miles long. It looked not unlike a limited area of one of the broad, inland passages traversed by the steamers plying to Alaskan ports further south. Fish were very scarce in these cold, glacier-fed streams and lakes, but we managed to vary the stereotyped fare of government bacon with some dusky grouse and equally tough ducks, for it was now getting to be the breeding season of all the feathered tribes.

Flowers were in bloom on all sides; the deciduous trees had long since put on their spring and summer fashions; and robins and many other singing birds fluttered through the foliage, while gulls and tern hovered over the waters of the lake.

Here we commenced the building of our raft. The logs were of the smallest kind, consisting of dwarfed spruce and contorted pine. It was a question whether a ratt, 15 x 30, would carry our effects and all our party, white and Indian—a question which was finally settled in the negative by sending only three persons and a little over half the material on the first voyage of the raft. A government tent served the purpose of a sail, which was amply filled by a southern gale that in other respects made navigation quite hazardous.

On the 16th, we steered the raft through the mile of rapids and cascades that make up the short river that connects Lake Lindeman with the lake to the north, called by me Lake Bennett.

Once we were jammed between a protruding rock and the shore in a narrow, boiling cascade, but a few minutes' hard work sufficed to pry the raft off. As we brought up on the gravelly beach in the still waters of Lake Bennett, we all felt grateful that the safe passage had saved us a few days' hard work. But it was a necessity to remodel the raft on a larger plan in order to carry all that must find passage on its corduroy decks.

Larger logs were found near the Payer Portage, and our raft was built on the plan of 15 x 40, although it actually was nearer to 16 x 42. Two decks were built up, fore and aft, leaving spaces at the ends for bow and stern oars, while the central part of the raft between the decks gave working room for two side oars, with which the unwieldy craft could be rowed on still water at the rate of about three-quarters of a mile per hour.

Behind the forward decks was a strong, nine-foot mast, and the sail was a wall tent with its ridgepole for a yard. The projecting poles of the deck gave lashing points for the ends of the tent as we trimmed sail to vary our course before the wind; for, rude as our raft was, we could sail her for two or three points (about 40 degrees) to the right or left from a straightaway course before the wind.

Not one of the smallest discomforts of the trip was the necessity of standing all day in the water while building the raft. The water in the lake was icy, having just poured down from the glaciers and snow-fields that crown the surrounding mountains. Ice water and mosquitoes were a singular combination of discomforts.

Caribou and bear tracks were found not far from the shores, but the animals themselves were never seen.

On the morning of the 19th of June, the new craft cast off bow and stern lines. After rowing a few hundred yards, we set our primitive sail; and as the never-ceasing southern wind grew with the sun, we soon found ourselves lubbering over the beautiful lake at a speed of from two to two-and-a-half miles an hour. Through the ice fields capping the timbered mountains to the east, protruded many a dull, red rock and ridge, surmounted again by the everlasting white fog.

Specimen of this rock found in the

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terminal moraines of the little glaciers showed iron, and I named this bold range after that metal.

By three in the afternoon the wind had increased to a gale, and the huge waves of the lake were sweeping the rear space of the stern oarsmen, at times breaking over the pole deck itself. Still, our faith in the queer sailer was sufficient to hold her head straight for the north.

For two, long hours we held our course, because a favorable wind over the lakes must be utilized to the last second possible; but the gale increased to a cyclone and threatened to carry away our mast. The white-capped seas swept both decks and deluged between so as to make rowing impossible. The two ends of the craft worked like a hinged gate in the huge waves, for there was not a single log that extended much farther than half the length of the raft.

When a few of the pins commenced snapping and a sheltered cove was seen to our right, we turned the raft's head to the eastern shore, and in a little while were threatened with destruction in the seething breakers that broke upon the rough, granite beach.

A line was carried ashore by the Indians in a canoe, and with some holding her off by means of stiff poles, the rest of us "tracked" or towed her back to the shelter of the cove.

Here we remained a day and repaired the raft. Four, fine logs were found which would reach her whole length, and by their size so increased her strength and buoyancy that we thought she might be able to carry a name, and so dubbed her the Resolute, though I doubt that the name was heard half a dozen times afterwards.

The next afternoon, by five o'clock, we had reached the north end of Lake Bennett, thirty miles long, and entered a short river that gave us a taste of the fact that drifting with the current also had its difficulties, for we were two hours prying the Resolute off a sand bar at the mouth of the short river.

This limited stream is known to the Tahk-heesh Indians as "the place where the caribou cross," and in certain seasons of the year many of these animals ford its wide, shallow current. The general trend of the new lake into which the river emptied was towards the east. Our old friend, the south wind, was of but little use; and though there were only three or four miles to traverse, it was three days before we got a favorable wind that carried us across.

This little lake (Lake Nares), whose entire outline could be viewed from the high hills on the north, was the prettiest one we found nestling in these northern hills. The country was perceptibly opening; many level places could be seen, the hills were less steep, and the snow was disappearing from their crests. Many roses and wild violets were in bloom, and wild onions lined the lake shore in profusion and gave us a fair substitute for the vegetable diet that we had left behind. Everywhere there was a general change of verdure for the better.

Grand terraces that looked like stairways for giants, symmetrical on opposite sides of the lake, showed their ancient and subsiding levels. These, too, in a less conspicuous manner, had been noticed on the northern shores of Lake Bennett.

Grouse abounded everywhere, and the little broods were met every few yards in walking over the hills, the tiny ones scampering off in the weeds while the mothers walked along, chucking anxiously, often only a few feet ahead of the intruder.

Once, out of the little lake through a short river of a hundred yards, we entered another lake, still trending to the east, and eight or nine miles long, which I called Lake Bove, and on whose limited shoreline I was compelled to make two camps and half a dozen landings—so baffling was our motive power, the wind.

At one time, when we had rowed ashore to avoid a sudden head-breeze, our Indians carelessly set fire to some of the dry, dead spruce timber. The flames, enveloping the living trees for hours afterwards, sent upward columns of smoke that we saw for many miles beyond. Towards evening, some fifteen or twenty miles ahead, smoke was seen curling upwards, and our Indians told us that it was an answer to the one we had accidentally made on Lake Bove.

These signal-smokes were quite common between the Chilkats and Tahk-heesh Indians, the former thus announcing to the latter that they had crossed the mountains and were in their country for trading purposes.

An old trader on the Middle and Lower Yukon told me that this Chilkat—Tahk-heesh traffic was so great some years ago, that as many as eighty of the former tribe have been known to cross the Kotusk mountains by the Chilkat and Chilkoot trails twice a year; or, in brief, eight tons of trading material found its way over Perrier Pass and, ramifying from this as a center, spread over the whole northwest.

Fort Selkirk, which for a brief period was a Hudson's Bay Company post, interfered with this commerce; but a war party of Chilkats in 1851 extended their trading tour five hundred miles in order to burn it to the ground. The blackened chimney still standing in a thick grove of poplars are monuments that attest to how well they did their work.

We had an immense volume with us, purporting to be an authority on Alaskan matters. As we read that it was but two days' journey ("nay, hardly a day and a half") for the Indians from here to Selkirk in their swift, birch canoes, we thought that possibly the worst of our journey was behind us. However, our Indians, some of whom had grown grayheaded traveling this country as traders, dashed our hopes with the information that there were three rapids aggregating five or six miles in length ahead of us, that the Indians here never used birch-bark canoes, and that the journey which took them nearly two weeks in their cottonwood ones would take us three, if we ever got through with the raft at all; for though their wavering faith had been strengthened by the actions of the Resolute in the past, they were not yet perfectly settled.

Instead of being one hundred and twenty miles from Tah-ko to Selkirk, as guessed at, it was four hundred and thirty-three. A roughly-built Tahk-heesh house stood upon the banks, and is the only one on this part of the Yukon River for hundreds of miles on either side.

The next lake is nearly thirty miles in length, and proportionally much broader than any we had passed. I called it Lake Marsh, after the well-known scientist of our country. The waters of this lake were much warmer than those we had passed, and we all refreshed ourselves with a few minutes' bathing on its shores. Nearing the beach at Lake Marsh during the two or three camps we made on it, we found it impossible to get much closer than fifty to one hundred yards, owing to the huge deposits of "glacier mud" that had been brought down by the streams whose waters at their sources came out from under these colossal pulverizers of the mountain flanks.

The Resolute drew about twenty inches, and the stage of water was just such that we were compelled to pack our camping material this distance through a species of mud that almost pulled our rubber boots from our feet as we floundered through its tenacious mass.

We were now having our longest days, and so close were we to the Arctic Circle that printed type like that in THE CENTURY Magazine could easily be read at midnight. On the night of the 28th of June, we sailed till after midnight, so imperative was it to take advantage of every favorable breeze—and at that time, but one star in the cloudless sky could be seen, which was made out to be Venus.

Faint signs of terraces were still observable on the hillsides, but they were lower, nearer together and not so well marked. The trees on Lake Marsh, as had been often noticed before on the upper waters of the Yukon, all leaned, in more or less conspicuous inclinations, toward the north, or downstream, thus plainly showing the prevailing direction of the stronger winds.

About noon on the 28th, while sailing on Lake Marsh, we had an energetic thundershower which lasted till past two in the afternoon, and which is worth noticing as the first thundershower ever recorded on the Yukon, their being unknown on the

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lower river. Many of the flat, level places on the eastern hills were still covered with last year's dense growth of dead, yellow grass, which from the lake, as we slowly sailed by, looked strangely like stubble fields of oats or wheat.

The outlet from Lake Marsh was very annoying to our mode of navigation with its endless banks of "glacier mud," most of which was probably brought down by a large river—the McClintock—that enters here from the east; a river so large that we were in some doubt as to its being the outlet, until its swift current settled all conjectures by swinging us around into the proper stream.

This new river was much more picturesque than any we had so far met on this journey, and strongly resembled many of the streams of more favored climes. Its hillsides were covered with pine, hemlock and spruce with, here and there, little, grass-covered prairies, while the valley was fringed with poplars and willows in the densest profusion.

In fact, these latter were so impenetrable and grew so close to the water's edge that we were often baffled in finding good camping places, unless some friendly ridge from the hills threw out a pine-covered spur to the riverbank, which would allow a tent or two to be pitched under the evergreens, or at least give us room to bivouac and spread our blankets.

The deck of the raft itself was preferred by many to the variety of uncomfortable beds that this country can offer the traveler.

The exact location of the great rapids ahead of us was not known to our Indians. We were in a nervous state of anxiety that was caused by watching for them in a craft in which we could not get to shore in less than a three hundred or four hundred yard run, and possibly a mile if combinations should be unfavorable.

The persistent fishing of the doctor and some of the men had occasionally been rewarded with success, and a few lake trout and graylings had been added to our slim fare. On the last day of June, as we rounded a high, bold bluff, we heard rapids ahead and saw that the current was getting swifter and the water much more shallow. We ran our raft on shore with more haste than discretion, for an examination showed the rapids to be of the lightest character, with the worst part of them in the shape of a rocky reef some thirty or forty yards directly in front of the raft.

It was, of course, impossible to clear this impediment when we cast loose, and so we floated against it, depending on a series of swingings outward until its end was reached and passed.

As the raft was brought up on the reef and the water was seething through the logs and the men were preparing to get overboard to pry her around, a most energetic splashing was heard on the farther side of the craft. Much to our astonishment, a large grayling was seen floundering on the end of a fishline that someone had left hanging over the raft in the hurry of more important duties.

This was our initiation into the grayling fishing grounds that gave us some four or five hundred of these delicious and "gamy" fellows in the next few days, until we actually tired of them. The fish caught that evening in ripples along the riverbanks were of two distinct sizes, with very few that could be called intermediate, the larger weighing from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half, and the smaller about one-fourth as much.

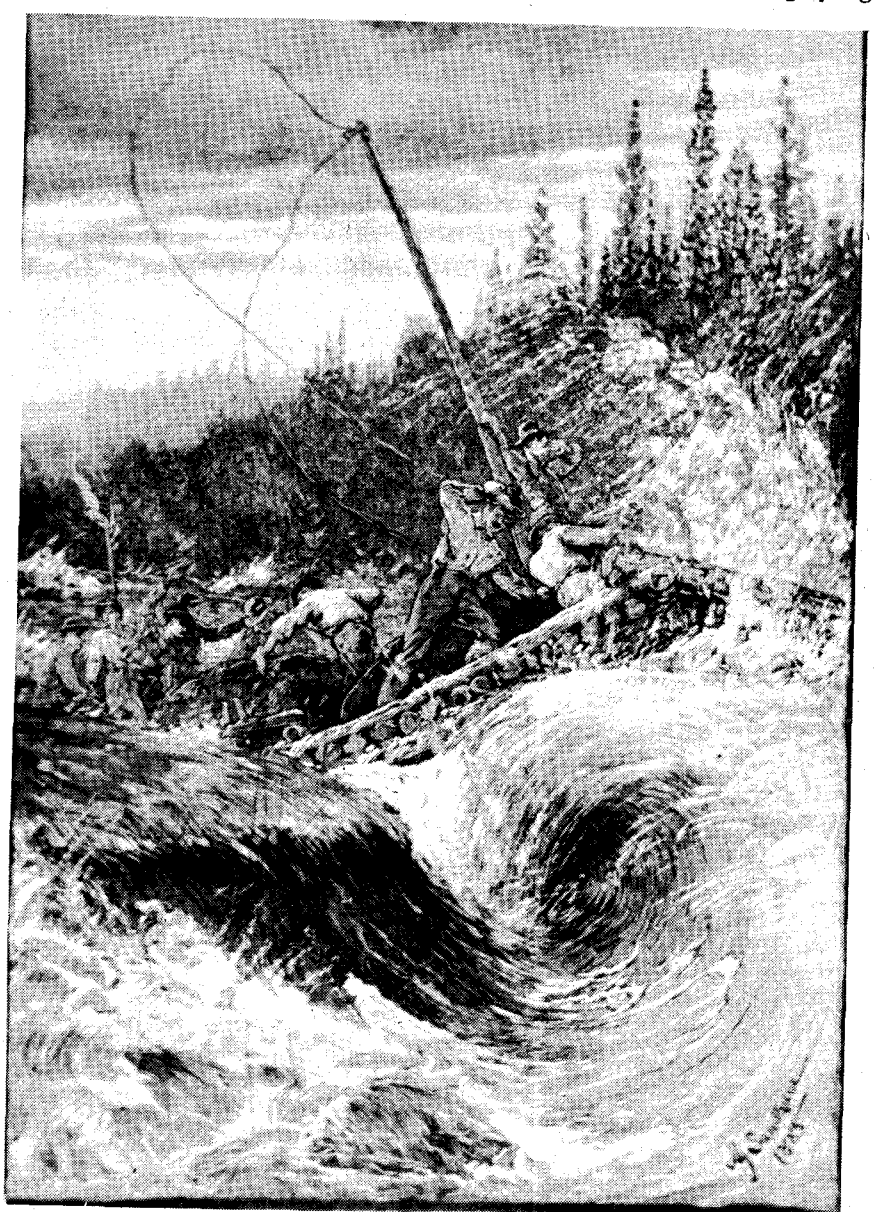
The next day, the 1st of July, with a Tahk-heesh Indian whom we had picked up as a guide, we approached the great rapids about which we had heard so much.

Our guide in his canoe had told us that he would inform us of their proximity in enough time to reach the shore, but we could not help fearing that he considered our craft about as easy to handle as one of their canoes, and would give his information accordingly—a supposition that we found to be correct for had we not closely followed, at considerable labor, the eastern bank, which we knew to be the one on which we must camp, it is more than probable that we would have gone through the canyon without warning and been wrecked.

Even when the conspicuous mouth of the canyon was discerned but a little distance ahead, our fate hung on a quarter-inch halliard with which we suddenly fastened our craft to a poplar tree on the bank. The line fairly sang like a harp string as the swift water poured over the logs, and the huge craft swung slowly into the bank where, in a very few seconds, we were making it snug and secure.

An inspection of the rapids showed them to be nearly five miles long, in places narrow and deep, and then shoaling out and exposing dangerous rocks.

For the first quarter of a mile, the



The Resolute caught in the maelstrom of rapids on the Upper Yukon.

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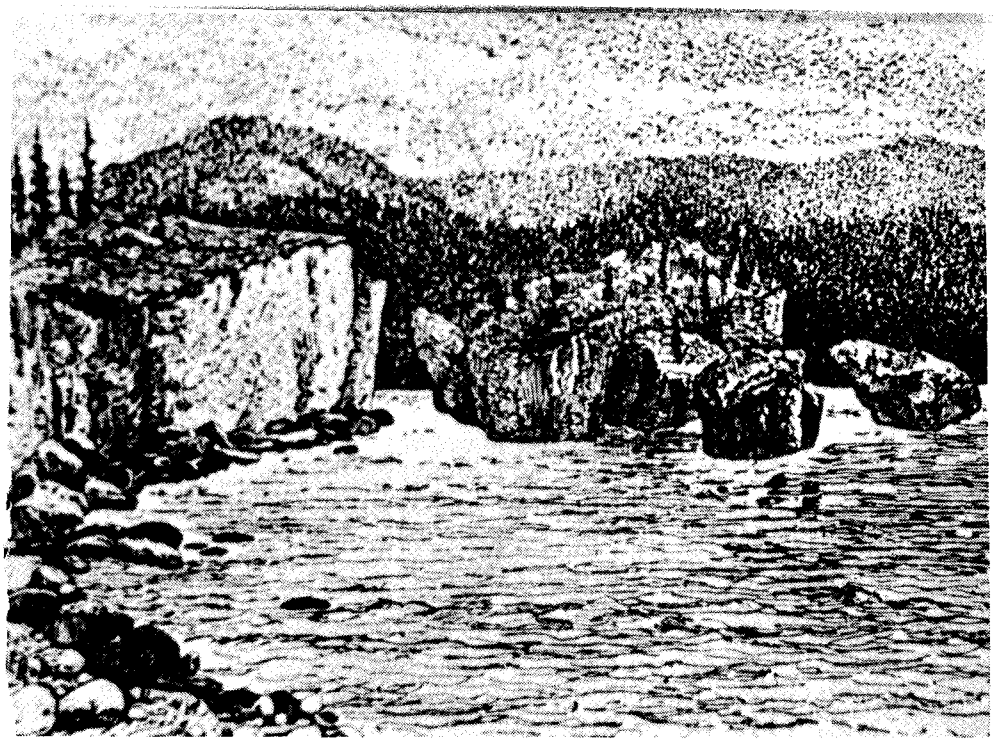

General view of the Rink Rapids of the Upper Yukon.

swift river pours in boiling foam through a canyon fifty or sixty feet deep, and but little greater in width, the sides of the chute being regularly-laid, basaltic columns that in places rival human workmanship.

It then widens out into a large, basaltic basin full of seething whirlpools and curling eddies, and then again for a third of a mile passes through another canyon, the exact duplicate of the first. The current again spreads out some quarter of a mile into shallow rapids, looking much less dangerous than the canyon, but being really more so with its countless boulders and swift-dancing current.

After running along for three or four miles in this manner, it again courses through basaltic columns hardly twenty feet high, and narrowed to a cascade not over thirty feet wide, with waves running four or five feet high.

As we descended through this chute, the banks grew higher, and so swift was the current and so narrow the passage that the water would run up these banks for a long distance on either side and pour back in solid sheets into the foaming current below, making veritable horseshoe falls.

A rafting party of three was sent ahead the next morning to be stationed below the cascade and to give assistance when the raft came by. At 11:25 that morning, we turned the Resolute's head towards the upper end of the Grand Canyon of the Yukon.

After spinning around for four or five minutes in an eddy, as if fully comprehending and dreading the dangerous trip, she at last swung slowly into the current and then shot forward with its swift waters. We soon entered the narrow canyon, going at a rate and urged by a power that a dozen giants could not have controlled had they been aboard.

The raft's first encounter was with the perpendicular, western wall, striking a fearful blow that tore the inner log from the side. And like the philosophical experiment with the suspended, ivory balls, the outer log shot far away with an echoing snap.

It took the craft but a mere moment to swing on her basaltic pivot, and down again she started in the race. When we were nearly down to the fearful chute, a couple of my Indians jumped on the flying raft from a canoe in which they had paddled out from the shore, and in a few seconds more the cascade was reached.

First the clumsy bow was buried in the boiling foam and waves, and the next instant it was reared high in the air, the whole body of the craft standing at the angle of a fixed bayonet as it shot through the narrow neck and slowly subsided in the bubbling waters beyond.

A rope was soon gotten to the shore, and although the first time it was fastened it snapped with a twang, the second effort was successful. For two days we were repairing and strengthening the raft, and putting on a couple of new decks made from the fine, slender, pine poles that were here abundant and which were as dry and light as pipestems—the result of a fire that had swept through them probably two or three years before.

Like all the coniferae growing in dense masses, these timber districts have their periodical devastations of fire that feed on their resinous foliage, burning the bark to a blackened crisp. When the first, severe gale comes from the south, the roots, having been weakened by rotting, are thrown prostrate, making a perfect labyrinth of matted limbs and tempest-torn trunks that have not half-decayed nor ceased to be impassable *chevaux-de-frise* before the next generation has sprung up and grown sufficiently high to add confusion to disorder.

A sort of poplar chaparral borders the ravines that cut across the trails, to vary the misery and keep it from getting monotonous. In and around the Grand Rapids, the graylings are numerous beyond computation. It was but the work of a few minutes to catch a plentiful mess for even our party of only twenty whites and Indians; and most singular of all, this was done despite the fact that myriads of small, brown moths (or millers) filled the air during our fishing days, while their bodies often floated in thousands down the river, to be food for the graylings.

The trout flies we used were often the "brown miller" and "brown hackle." While the graylings could be caught at any time, they would bite more freely during cloudy weather.

We had employed a few Tahkheesh Indians to carry, during the portage, our valuable effects that we had taken from the raft to lighten it, and for reasons of safety in such a dangerous rapid.

I could not but contrast the kindness they showed each other, and especially their women, with the ungenerous conduct of the more warlike Chilkats in their mutual intercourse.

The latter when canoeing on the Dayay, after having left the launch and before reaching the head of canoe navigation, had a certain number, including even the boys, who were not provided with canoes; and although it would have added little to the labor of the canoemen to take the burdens of the others into their boats, they refused to do so.

Those without canoes had to carry their loads on their backs, some ten or eleven miles. Nay, they would not ferry the porters across the rushing river in its serpentine windings from bluff to bluff, but forced them to wade the streams, often up to their middle, or make extended detours that would lengthen the direct, ten-mile trip to double that distance.

Many other similar acts, shown even in cases of sickness, did much to strengthen this unfavorable impression.

The mosquitoes were now thick beyond anything I have ever seen. As we crossed boggy places or the marshy rims of the numerous, inland lakes, they rose in dense swarms.

Hunting, the only object one could have in inland excursions, became impossible on account of these insects. Their stings could not be endured, and in looking through such swarms, it was not possible to take sure sight at the game. The vigorous exercise needed to defend oneself was enough to fatigue the strongest to the verge of exhaustion; besides, these gesticulations would frighten the game.

I believe this part of the Yukon country to be scarcely habitable in the summer on account of these pests, and think their numbers to be sufficient reason for the complete absence of game during that part of the year.

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DID JESSE JAMES ATTEND HIS OWN FUNERAL?

(Continued from page 12)

If Dalton poisoned a man in Enid, it was David E. George, a drunken roustabout who claimed to be Booth. But old Dalton again lied. He said he was in the room when George died. He wasn't! (See "Myth of John Wilkes Booth" in the August 1967 issue of *True Frontier*.)

Another who perfected a historical ruse was William Quantrill himself, said Dalton. Quantrill was shot on a raiding foray through Kentucky in January of 1865, and died in an Army hospital in Louisville. But Dalton maintained that Quantrill actually didn't die until 1892, then going under the guise of Elbert Travis. He had taught school for years in a small, central Texas town.

Had history been fooled about all these men? The records show otherwise.

Unfortunately for Dalton, there's more—much more. Totally defying established fact, he maintained historians had been hoodwinked about the deaths of Frank James, Bob Ford, Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, Bill Dalton, John Younger and perhaps even other notables.

What's even more absurd, Dalton insisted that Cole Younger had hired a stooge to spend 25 years in prison in his place! That's not a very easy way to earn a living.

Dalton said in 1948 that he had been a close friend of Belle Starr, the Oklahoma female desperado and "Bandit Queen." Later he claimed that he and Belle had been married. Authentic accounts refute this, too. Belle was killed from ambush on February 2, 1889, and is buried near Briartown, Oklahoma.

It is said that Jesse James "didn't rob to live, but that he lived to rob." What was his pretext for plundering? Dalton's grandson, Jesse III of Belton, Texas, claims old Dalton had ten or so "inner circle" men. They headed a secret army out of the Confederate States and had gotten ready, and were well-prepared for Civil War II. Perhaps this much of Dalton's life was true. However, even it is questionable.

Beginning on February 14, 1866 with the robbery of the Commercial Bank at Liberty, Missouri, Jesse and Frank James are believed to have plundered no less than 26 banks, trains and stagecoaches in their 15-year-long career of banditry. Their last robbery occurred on September 7, 1881, with the pillage of the train at Blue Cut, Missouri.

In that time, their trail of terror had taken them across Missouri, Kentucky, Iowa, Arkansas, West Virginia, Texas, Minnesota, Nebraska and even Mexico, where in May of 1877, Jesse and his ruffians overtook a band of muleteers trailing 12 loads of silver bullion in Chihuahua. Few trains, banks or stages were safe from their deadly clutches.

If there were other robberies which the notorious badmen pulled, they were lucky enough that history failed to record them. By this time, the James brothers had a reward of $10,000 on their heads, dead or alive.

Naturally, no historian of the West accepts J. Frank Dalton as the real Jesse. There are far too many questions unanswered concerning Dalton, and known fact refutes him time and again.

He claimed to have lived too many lives in too many different places. Once he was a Texas Ranger. Later he served in the Oklahoma Territorial Legislature, as well as in political offices in Colorado and Wyoming. In fact, Dalton said he held four such offices all at the same time! If so, Dalton must have been quite a man!

Nevertheless, Dalton has had many followers. There have been at least two volumes purporting to prove his identity as Jesse James. Neither is documented with fact, and neither book agrees with the other. Full of hearsay, they are just as preposterous as the so-called Frank James autobiography.

Did Dalton know Jesse James? Was he once a member of the gang? Perhaps. Many oldsters identified Dalton as being the misnamed "Robin Hood of the West." One was Al Jennings, a past Oklahoma train robber and lawyer. But even he admitted later that Dalton was not Jesse.

One who was sure of himself was 78-year-old Robert E. Lee of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. He had been a former showman and said he was of the same family as the famous general.

In 1948, The Baton Rouge *State Times* sent the old-timer to check out the identity of Dalton. The Sunday after the story broke, Lee was in Lawton. At first, he doubted that the man in Lawton was Jesse.

When Lee came out of the cabin where the bedfast oldster was lying, he exclaimed: "Boys! It's him! I can hardly believe my eyes, but that man is truly Jesse James. I can't be mistaken. It's the old bandit himself."

Lee said he had met Jesse James many years before while with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. It was in 1893, when they were in Chicago for the World's Fair. Lee was Buffalo Bill's personal body guard.

"The day I met Jesse, I was stationed at the front door of the William F. Cody railroad passenger car where the show owner maintained his office and quarters," Lee explained.

"A man came to the passenger car alone. Colonel Cody was sitting in his office in the back end. The stranger said, 'How do you do. Is Colonel Cody in there? I want to see him.'

"I replied, 'Mister, you can't see Colonel Cody.'

"The stranger wouldn't leave and announced in a determined voice 'I'm going to find out why I can't see a friend of mine.'

"I went back and told the colonel, and he said, 'Son, you've done just right. Go back to the door and let him come in ahead of you. Keep your hand on that six-shooter.'

"I walked him into Colonel Cody's room, and this fellow, a clean-shaven gentleman, stuck out his hand and said, 'Well, Colonel, don't you know me?'

"The colonel replied, 'I sure don't know you, mister. Who are you and what do you want?'

"Then the stranger showed him some scars on his fingers and some

(photo courtesy the author)

Old J. Frank Dalton, (left) who claimed to be Jesse James and treasure seeker, Joe Hunter, owner of mysterious brass bucket with James gang's directions to treasure.

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on his arm and neck. He hadn't told Buffalo Bill who he was up to that time, but as soon as Colonel Cody saw the scars, he threw up his arms and said, 'My God! You're Jesse James!'

"During the conversation, Jesse said, 'Colonel, I don't think they can do anything to me. Don't you think I should give myself up?'

"Buffalo Bill replied, 'As long as you are riding on easy street like you are, I would keep right on riding and mind my own business. My advice is just to keep your mouth shut.'

"Apparently, James accepted Colonel Cody's advice. He stayed around for several days, and then disappeared."

Lee verified that the 104-year-old man in Lawton was the same person whom Colonel Cody had identified as Jesse James in Chicago.

But had Bill Cody and J. Frank Dalton played a trick on young Lee so many years before? Or was Lee just mistaken about whom he thought was Jesse James 55 years before?

Another who at first identified Dalton as being Jesse was a former 108-year-old slave, John Trammell, in Guthrie, Oklahoma. Trammell had ridden with the James gang following the Civil War, serving as cook and also looking after the horses.

He believed that he had again met the former badman when Dalton visited Oklahoma's first capital in the latter part of June in 1948. The two had a long talk, and according to Dalton, secret passwords convinced each man of the other's identity. The Negro died in 1958 at 118 years of age. But after Dalton left Guthrie, Trammell said Dalton *was not* Jesse!

When old Dalton died at the supposed age of over 107 on August 15, 1951, in Granbury, Texas, a post-mortem examination disclosed no less than 17, perhaps as many as 27, bullet wounds. Other scars were rope burns, powder burns and the tattoo, "Tex. Y's," on the inner side of the right forearm.

It's questionable just how old Dalton really was. Originally, he said he was born at Goliad, Texas on March 8, 1848. Later he said he was born in Louisville, Kentucky on April 17, 1844. The James family Bible shows that James was born at Kearney, Missouri on September 5, 1847.

Perhaps, after all, old J. Frank Dalton was "another" Jesse James of sorts with another cause. Who could deny this?

Had he and his promoters disclosed his authentic story, perhaps Dalton would have been an equal to Jesse James with a more noble cause. But to date, Dalton's past remains shrouded in mystery and confusion.

No doubt, he had seen some of the things he had spoken about, but to what extent remains unknown. His followers still maintain that he was none other than the real Jesse James. ●

THE GREATEST WOMAN GAMBLER IN THE WEST

(Continued from page 15)

a lady gambler in her early years, when she was displaying her skill from Deadwood to Tombstone.

She dealt cards at Fort Fetterman and later at the King Soloman mining camp in Colorado.

In her twenties, "Poker Alice" was a blonde, presentable young lady, which was later contrasted by the rugged life and hours spent by a gambler. She is better remembered for wearing her hair in a bun which, with the years, turned a silvery gray.

She loved to travel and sought out after new adventures. She married her first husband, Frank Duffield, a mining engineer, at Lake City, Colorado. When her husband was killed in a tunnel mine explosion due to a dynamite charge, "Poker Alice" began to spend her full time gambling because of the necessity to make a living.

Constantly on the move, "Poker Alice" frequented the establishments of Del Norte, Colorado, Almosa, Leadville, Georgetown and Central City, Colorado.

Surprisingly enough, "Poker Alice" was a graduate of a Southern College, and in her own way was a devout woman who refused to work on Sunday, but would play "hell for the devil the rest of the week."

Faro and stud poker were the mainstays of her livelihood, and due to skill and luck, and her capacity of endurance, "Poker Alice" was very rarely defeated.

It is said that another of her husbands, a man named Tubbs, showed up at a poker table one evening and, later, the keen sense of competition, accompanied by love, caused Alice to marry Tubbs.

"Poker Alice" wore a small pistol in her vest, which she had learned to use skillfully and accurately due to lessons by her father when she was a young girl.

She had rare occasion to use her pistol and preferred not to have to draw it if possible.

Her first incident was when a poor loser drew a knife on her husband, Tubbs, and Alice drew her pistol, wounding the would-be aggressor, making him drop his knife.

Another time, "Poker Alice", after losing steadily at a Faro game, began to question the dealer at the table. And finally, the dealer's handling of the cards gave him away. Alice drew her pistol and politely asked for all her losings, which she was given but fast.

The worst incident came after the death of Mr. Tubbs. Pawning her wedding ring to get some gambling money, Alice took her proceeds and moved to the town of Sturgis, and opened "Poker's Place." Fort Meade was nearby, and the town was a profitable place for a dance and gambling hall, where soldiers came to spend their money freely.

One night, a group of soldiers came to the establishment and demanded entrance. "Poker Alice" said there was no room left, but the crowd kept demanding entrance. Finally, Fred Koetzle of K troop pushed in the door and rushed toward "Poker Alice." She drew her pistol, intending to wound the angry soldier, but she accidentally killed him. She was put on trial and the jury found her not guilty with the reason of self-defense. The townspeople, happy with the victory of the likeable Alice, declared a town holiday in her honor.

It was told by several friends that the incident happened differently. The soldier supposedly had insulted Alice and had even resorted to physical attention of a low character, saying he had heard the saloon was a girly place. Many others refute the story, and pointed out that Alice always ran a respectable place, and allowed no monkey business between her dance hall girls and customers. This is reflected in the fact that she would not open her place on Sunday, and would even require her girls to attend Sunday school classes taught by her, whether they wanted to attend or not.

While at Sturgis, she married her third husband, George Huckert. She had bought a ranch and had hired Huckert to manage her sheep while she went about her poker playing. Finding that she owed him $1,008 in wages and only had $50 on her at the time, she felt it was less expensive to marry him, although in her

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later years she felt bad about making such an unloving decision for her own personal gain.

"Poker Alice," although not the only woman gambler, was probably the best known. Such figures as "Madame Mustache," who was also named Eleonore Dumert, Kitty Schemer, called the "Queen of California Gamblers," Minnie the El Paso girl gambler, Airship Annie, China Mary, Haltershanks Eva, Bowlegged Mary, Poker Nell and Iowa Bell were acquaintances. Alice described "Madame Mustache" as a stately woman and also a good gambler. Poker Nell was a crack shot and Prairie Rose was quite a "character." Rose once made a bet with Alice that she could walk nude down a small Kansas town's street and in an hour, when the streets were mostly deserted, she did just that, toting a pistol in case someone tried to take advantage of the situation. She won the bet from Alice.

After the death of her third husband, "Poker Alice" began to change. Much of the open gambling had been moved from saloons to alleys and backstreets. It had lost its true place.

"Madame Mustache" had committed suicide, and exemplified the hard conditions facing a woman gambler. The days of traveling through Kansas, Oklahoma, the Cherokee Strip, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and the Black Hills of South Dakota were over.

Now Alice began to be called by some, "Corduroy Alice," switching from the fancy dress of the early years to a woolen, army shirt and a black skirt. The twinkle in her blue eyes had faded, and although there was still the characteristic and somewhat flashing, black cigar in her mouth, the best days had gone by. She built a cabin at Del Norte, Colorado and then moved on to Creed, Colorado after Nicholas Creed had found silver. She dealt at Bob Ford's Saloon and visited with friends like Soapy Smith.

It was not unusual to see twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars being transferred around the tables in one evening.

At the age of seventy-four, "Poker Alice" turned to the town of Deadwood. A close friend during this time was Richard W. Clark, a character who had assumed the name of the original "Deadwood Dick," a legendary stage driver in the early days of Deadwood.

Alice took delight in the celebration of the "Days of 76," which tried to portray the Old West. In all the re-enactments, Alice played herself. Often, she would perch atop a stagecoach with "Deadwood Dick" (Clark) and ride through the streets of the town.

"Poker Alice" had more than a quarter of a million dollars pass through her hands at the card tables, and in her last days she remained with a very small amount of what she had once accumulated. She blamed dishonest men for the death of the sport of gambling. Much of it was clean, but the crooked men turned the profession, so it was viewed as degrading. The world had changed and the reformers had begun to take their toll on the gamblers.

The life of "Poker Alice" was filled with colorful incidents and events, in and out of saloons. In her last few years, she changed her name from Huckert back to Tubbs, as she deeply loved her second husband and had never fully gotten over his loss.

Now, she had left only memories—the glow of the lamps in the saloons, the rustling of the poker chips, and the excitement and fortune that could be experienced in the turn of a single card.

Alice recalled one incident in particular which shows her stubbornness as an old but dauntless woman. One place called "Three Nickles" was a disreputable house that entertained men with the feminine sex. One night, "Poker Alice" had threatened to go to the place and demand money from the woman owner. Several years before, "Poker Alice" had loaned the woman money to help her buy liquor for her establishment. Figuring at her late age that she couldn't get the money back by drinking all the woman's stock of whiskey, Alice decided she would try to have the money paid back to her. She gained courage by drinking for a couple of hours and then went to the "Three Nickles."

As in the past, someone had forewarned the woman that ran the house that Alice was going to come after her money. Alice had always been greeted with the reply that the woman would pay the money when she had it, but was not at the present able to pay. "Poker Alice" figured the woman thought she would not live too many more years and didn't see why she should pay, when eventually the debt would be taken care of by death. Alice was not to be denied. She went to the place and started hollering from the street. When this brought no comment, she started throwing bricks at the windows on the second floor of the house.

The woman finally appeared and told her that she didn't have the money. Alice continued to throw bricks, and the woman figured that paying Alice off was better than having to repair every window in the place. Some of "Poker Alice's" friends helped her wobbling frame off the street to keep the police from running her in.

More and more, she tried to forget her sorrows about the passing of the "good days" by drinking, and one night she was too helpless to take care of herself getting home. She stopped a man and told him he was going to take her home, but he said he had business that couldn't wait and he refused. Alice still insisted he was going to take her home and, finally, with the persuasion of her pistol, the man complied.

Her final place was a home in Sturgis, where she spent most of her time raising flowers, chickens and Angora cats. She was told by doctors that an operation was needed to save her life, but her friends thought the chances of recovery were slim. Alice said that she had gambled all her life and didn't see any reason to change now. After the operation, Alice became more despondent, and a friend once found her on the floor of her living room with a pistol in her hand with the intention of taking her own life. Alice was talked out of doing the deed, and her friends watched after her constantly from then on.

At the age of seventy-nine, "Poker Alice" died of a gall bladder disease.

Her last will and testament showed that her estate was not extensive. She left her chickens and crops to two different neighbors, and the rest of her belongings to David Keffeler of Lead, South Dakota, who was a close friend. The will which was written on September 27, 1927 was supplemented by a Codicil of later date. In the document, Alice left her set of Washington Irving's works to Harry P. Atwater, her set of Louise Muhlback and emerald ring to E. A. Steinback, her sewing machine, Edison Phonograph and records, and linens to Mrs. Joe Keffeler, her chickens and $50 to L. E. Dewey, and the rest of her estate to David Keffeler.

Not much for a woman who had gambled away perhaps millions. But while she was dealing 'em, she had a ball. ●

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THE DOOLIN GANG'S LAST SHOOT-OUT!

(Continued from page 25)

advantage and two more of the Doolin gang spilled their blood in the dirt.

Dynamite Dick was shot in a gunfight with marshals near Blackwell.

Bill Doolin's wife was living with her father near Lawson, now called Quay. The marshals learned this and suspected Doolin might visit her, and on the night of August 24, 1896, a posse under Heck Thomas hid along a lane leading from the road to the house. Doolin had loaded a wagon with his possessions, and helped his wife and baby up into the seat and started down the lane leading his horse when Thomas raised up and told Doolin to throw up his hands. Doolin brought up his hands, but they held a Winchester spitting lead. He missed but Thomas didn't, and Doolin died with the buckshot from both barrels of an eight-gauge shotgun in his chest.

This left only "Little Dick" West at liberty and the marshals were afraid he had "gone to Texas." But word finally reached Nix in Guthrie that a man fitting West's description had been seen around a ranch owned by Herman Arnett, about five miles out of Guthrie.

It was hard to believe that he could be hiding out so close to the marshals' headquarters, but Nix sent Bill Tilghman and Heck Thomas and two other deputies out to see. It was the morning of April 7, 1898 when the marshals slipped up on the Arnett place through an orchard. They didn't have long to wait until Little Dick, with a curry comb in one hand and a brush in the other, led his horse out of the barn and into the corral. He started to comb and brush his horse.

The marshals called to West to surrender and Dick went for his guns, but the straps that held the comb and brush on his hands kept him from being able to get rid of them in time and he died with his guns in his holsters.

After Governor Haskell pardoned Arkansaw Tom, he went straight for several years but was caught robbing a bank and was sent back to the pen. Then, when he was released, he held up another bank and was killed while resisting arrest on August 16, 1924. So ended the last of the Doolin gang.

Today, the Ingalls shoot-out is remembered mainly because it was the last fight for three, brave and courageous United States Marshals: Dick Speed, Lafe Shadley and Tom Houston. ●

SPANISH TREASURE: FINDERS KEEPERS!

(Continued from page 29)

historic Indian camps where many artifacts and military relics can be found."

On one trip to Padre Island, Bill uncovered a bar of silver bullion, hand-forged bronze spikes, wooden hunks of Spanish galleons, and numerous gold doubloons and pieces of eight. "Ninety per cent of everything that's buried is less than three feet deep," Bill believes.

The statistics of treasures which the gold-crazed Spaniards wrested from the New World could fill a fat book. But some of the following will give you an idea of how much wealth was recovered from this new-found land in centuries past.

It has been computed that in the first century after the conquest of Peru, enough silver was shipped from the New World to Spain to make a bridge across the Atlantic, a yard and a half wide and two inches thick! Or, if piled into one heap, it would be higher than the mountains of Potosi! Pizarro and his bearded conquistadors captured more than $20,000,000 worth of gold and silver from the Incas. Of course, much of that treasure never made it to Spain.

By 1800, three to five thousand mines were operating in what is now Mexico. One rich mine, the *Valenciana*, yielded about $14,000,000 in silver in less than five years. Between 1521 and 1690, Mexico's mines produced about $415,000,000 in gold and silver. From 1690 to 1808, another $1,497,000,000 flowed from her rich mines. The *Candelaria* mine near Durango was producing $250,000 per month in the early years of the 1800's, to mention one of many such mines!

It's a little wonder that so much treasure lies lost, not only in Mexico and its coasts, but throughout our Spanish Southwest, where gold-laden packtrains were constant prey for savage Indians and lurking badmen. It's also a little wonder that so much lost treasure is being recovered today by professional men like Bill Mahan, a man who knows what he's after and how to get it.

Bill, who is also an electro-mechanical engineer when he's not treasure hunting, has been using electronic metal locators since 1937, and finally made one himself that would work under any conditions in any potential treasure site. He is now manufacturing the detectors for other treasure hunters, who have been almost equally successful as he. "The detector is only as good as its operator," the treasure hunter pointed out, "and the operator is only as efficient as his experience."

"I don't always find hidden booty on every trip I make," Bill assured, "but I love the outdoors, and have made a lot of friends on my treasure hunts. I plan to make other trips real soon, and plan to come back with something real big."

Many more treasure caches have been found over the years throughout the Southwest. And I'm just as sure that for every one that I have heard about, there are at least ten more that I know nothing about. Treasure finders don't often publicize their gains.

I'm not sure what it is, but there's something about a lost cannon that fascinates a treasure hunter. As early as 1875, one group of seekers brought up a historic cannon from the Galveston bay. It seems that an old pirate who had once sailed with Jean Lafitte remembered that the buccaneer's ship, the *Vengeance*, had caught fire and sunk while docked on the east end of Galveston Island.

The pirate, some ninety years old, said he had participated with Lafitte when the bloody cutthroat helped General Andrew Jackson fight the British at New Orleans in 1815. After the blood bath, Jackson gave Lafitte the six-pounder to replace one which had exploded on the *Vengeance*.

Later the ship sank in Galveston bay, but the pirate who was gunner of the vessel never forgot just where. And he knew it was the right cannon. "I know, I've handled her," he laughed.

Galveston Island seems to be almost a paradise for treasure hunters. In 1937, a farmer named Bill Zingleman was plowing in his cabbage patch when he turned up seven hundred silver dollars dated between 1822 and 1877, all buried in a large, glass jar. About this same time, another farmer near Sugar Land unearthed $900 in gold coins while breaking his field.

In August of 1889, perhaps as many as a dozen cannons were unearthed near the Old Town Plaza at Albuquerque, New Mexico. For sure, eight were recovered. Ex-Confederate Major T. T. Teel had gone to Albuquerque to point out the place where he and several other officers had hidden the artillery pieces to keep them from falling into the hands of Union forces.

Major Teel revealed that he had the cannons buried in April of 1862, just before the Confederates pulled out of Albuquerque. Most of the soldiers knew nothing of what became of the cannons, and as far as Major Teel knew, all the officers who were present then were now dead. He alone knew where to dig.

On August 22, the search for the

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field pieces began. Just as Major Teel had said, the cannons were found six feet under the earth. Each was a twelve-pound howitzer; three were stamped with U.S. markings, showing they had been captured from the U.S. Army, which at that time had been stationed at Fort Craig.

Two of the old cannons can still be seen today. One reposes in the Old Town Plaza at Albuquerque and another at the Colorado State Historical Museum in Denver.

There were two cannons, however, that Major Teel ordered buried which still remain lost. Only a few weeks after Teel had hidden the twelve fieldpieces at Albuquerque, the major had two others buried at the head of a draw in Limpia Canyon in the Davis Mountains of southwest Texas. At that time, the Confederates were not more than a day's journey from Fort Davis.

The rebels' story was that seven artillery pieces were captured at Valverde, New Mexico. Some were taken to Louisiana to fight the Yankees, while others were taken to Fort Davis. Two cannons never made it to the fort. An old freighter for the Confederates, Adam Bradford, said that he had been with the soldiers when the cannons were buried. The rebels had been pulling the fieldpieces all the way from New Mexico and when they got into rugged Limpia Canyon, the mules could go no farther.

The only alternative was to bury the heavy cargo. Shortly afterwards, Fort Davis was abandoned to Union soldiers. The two cannons were never retrieved. Today, museums would pay a handsome price to get their hands on the old Civil War relics!

Treasure doesn't always come in the metallic form. Such was the case when a New Mexico laborer stumbled onto an ancient Spanish chest in a cave in the Labrones Mountains, about sixty miles south of Albuquerque. Instead of being filled with gold bars and doubloons, the chest held six, old books, each published prior to 1600!

Found in 1916, the books were soon purchased by Edgar J. Goodspeed of Chicago. One was a New Testament folio in Greek, dated 1596; another was a 1584 Hebrew Bible, which once belonged to the Barefoot Augustinians of Valladolid, Spain. The oldest was a collection of medieval sermons dated 1531. The rest were writings of Latin authors—one being Quintilian.

It is believed that the books were once the property of a missionary named Fray Diego Jimenez who labored in northern Mexico between 1632 and 1678. No doubt, the chest of books had been taken by highwaymen along the *Camino Real*, thinking it contained something more valuable to them. In the cave, reposed the chest and old books for almost three centuries before someone noticed them.

About 1895, an old woman and her son were living in west Texas near the Canadian River. One day while gathering wood and cow chips for fuel, the woman found a piece of bark sticking out of the river bank. When she pulled it out, she knocked loose

This poor creature and the gold he took with him were exposed in the blowing sands of Padre Island.

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a bottle. Inside was a letter dated 1866.

The strange note read: "We got off with the money all right. I buried it down where you killed the antelope in the sinkhole. Bill got killed in the attack. I am shot, too, and can't live so you take the money, go to your sister and home in Tennessee. There is plenty there to keep you and her as long as you live. This life is not the one for you to live, anyway. Goodbye, and good luck. You pal, L.H."

Of course, the woman and her son had no idea what the note referred to, but there was only one sinkhole in that immediate area. The boy was off quickly to see what he could find. Several hours later, he trudged home with $6,000 he had unearthed in the bottom of the hole, close to the old California trail.

Old trails of all sorts are veritable treasure depositories. The Spanish trails, Indian paths, miiltary routes, stage roads—they're all potential sites for hidden treasure. And $5,000 found alongside an old trail in 1895 proves that hidden caches can be found if you know just where to look.

(photo courtesy the author)

About the last of April in 1895, a stranger showed up at a farm five miles south of Guthrie, Oklahoma. He obtained the owner's permission to search for hidden loot, and went so far as to locate the stump of an elm tree which was evidently one of the clues he sought. But here his search ended. He offered the owner $900 for his farm, but no deal. In a few days, the stranger checked out of the Guthrie hotel.

What he had come for wasn't a secret for long, however. He had lost his pocket book. Inside was a letter dated March 25, 1895, from John Litchfield of Santa Fe to his cousin, Joe Litchfield, of Tishomingo.

In the letter, John said that he had run across a document among his father's papers stating that in 1869, when he crossed the Indian Territory for New Mexico, he buried a pot of money amounting to $4,500 in gold and $500 in silver. Details of how it could be found were given.

Banker Joseph McNeal and others now persuaded the landowner to let them search for the cache. Digging near the stump, they soon struck the iron pot, filled to its brim. The money was "placed in the vault of the Guthrie National Bank until the courts or the finders shall decide what disposition to make of it," reported the Edmond *Sun-Democrat* on May 3, 1895.

Perhaps more treasures have been found while people were digging wells than in any other way. One such case occurred northeast of the Glass Mountains near Cleo Springs, Oklahoma. Farmer Alfred Abrams was quite surprised when his shovel struck a large, iron pot filled with gold pieces dated in the early 1850's. The treasure amounted to more than $2,000, reported the Hennessey *Clipper* on January 17, 1895.

In Texas, at least $1,800 in silver and gold coins have been found along the old California Trail which passed on the north side of Brushy Mound, about five miles west of Bowie on U.S. Highway 287 in Montague County. Part of the money was first found by J. W. Rhyne in 1921.

Rhyne was plowing the land, preparing it for cotton, when he first turned up some of the coins. On the first day, he unearthed $85, consisting of 120 silver half dollars, one $20 gold piece and one $5 gold coin. Over a five-year period, the farmer's find amounted to $1,800 which later brought him still more, since some of the coins were collector's items.

The collection included an English five dollar gold piece with a bust of Queen Victoria, and two Spanish dimes dated 1812. The oldest coin was dated 1712; the latest, 1847.

Apparently, a battle had taken place here for the area was strewn with boot arches, bridle bits, spurs and even parts of saddles. Perhaps still more money lies buried on the north side of Brushy Mound!

Alongside one ancient highway through Texas there have been numerous treasure caches unearthed, and many more will be found if the trend continues. The road, *El Camino Real* or King's Highway, was a well-established route by the early 1700's.

Beginning as far south as Saltillo, Mexico, it stretched one thousand miles via Monclova, San Juan Bautista and across Texas through San Antonio, Nacogdoches, San Augustine, and on to Robeline and Natchitoches, Louisiana. Large numbers of cart trains, heavily-laden with gold and silver bullion, traveled this route. About 1805, by order of Spain, soldiers were stationed at each of the crossings on the Trinity, Brazos and Colorado Rivers to guard the rich caravans.

The Arkansas *State Gazette* recorded on August 14, 1839, that $300,000 in gold and silver from Chihuahua had just been sold in New Orleans after being shipped up the long, overland trail.

The late historian J. Frank Dobie wrote that "the great trains of wagons passing between Chihuahua City and San Antonio were sometimes veritable argosies of treasure. In five years' time, the enterprising Austust Santleben alone transported over a million dollars in freshly minted Mexican silver."

Not far from the old trail, a Mexican plowed up $50,000 in Caldwell County some years ago. In the 1950's, one lucky man happened to be standing at the right place when a street in Center Point was being graveled. Quickly, he noticed something shiny. It turned out to be a Spanish coin, minted in Spain in 1778. Now, to find the gravel pit . . .

About five miles east of old Fort Stockton, in Pecos County, a strange tale comes from Seven Mile Mountain. According to several, old cowboys, a cave was once found on the mountainside which contained numerous Spanish guns, swords and armor. It's known that a number of battles were fought in this area between the Spaniards and savage Indian tribes. If that cave could be refound today, those ancient relics of war would bring excellent premiums.

As late as March of 1962, one Roy Green unearthed more than one hundred Spanish coins while stripping sod just south of San Marcos. In April of 1963, Gene Wade and Larry Baker uncovered a bronze chest containing several hundred Spanish gold coins just northwest of Selma, Texas.

Yes, buried treasure is being found. And with the proper tools and a little scientific know-how, still more will be recovered—whether it be on some lonely island, searing desert, parched mountainside, craggy canyon or, perhaps, in your own backyard! Such men as Bill Mahan of Garland, Texas, will attest to that fact, you can be sure. ●

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HANGMAN'S JUSTICE

(Continued from page 32)

some horses, too. Yeah, they'd been through before even—with Heath, John Heath of Bisbee." Paul gasped.

"Heath!" he blurted out. "Are you sure?" Buckles replaced his dirty hat.

"Dammit, yes," he swore. "They was here 'round the end of November. I'm sure as can be." Paul was struck dumb, but Behan slapped Buckles' shoulder in thanks.

"Who were the others?" he asked, straining his voice through yellow teeth. Buckles rubbed his beard.

"Well," he thought it over. "Dowd, and there was a Vaughn. Really mean ones, they were."

"Dowd!" Paul gulped. "He's the one in with a Wells Fargo holdup. We got something there." Both men were anxious to get going. Paul jumped into his saddle, waving at Buckles.

"Thanks!" he shouted as the two galloped down the road. When Behan caught up, he nodded at Paul.

"First thing is to get Heath," he said, panting for breath. "We gotta make him talk. If he don't, we won't never get the rest of those men. Besides Dowd and Vaughn." Paul nodded and spurred his horse.

"Yup!"

Paul approached John Heath from one side of Bisbee's Main Street, the barrel of his drawn gun flashing silver in the sun. Daniels came in from the other. Paul stopped in his tracks.

"Easy, Heath!" he threatened through clenched teeth. Heath spun around and grabbed for his gun. Daniels drew swiftly.

"Hold it!" he shouted. Heath turned back partially and relaxed his gun hand. Paul stepped forward. He had planned his bluff.

"It's over, Heath!" A grin flickered across his sweaty face. "Dowd talked. So did Vaughn." A sneer came over Heath's bearded, menacing face.

"What is this, boys?" he stalled. "Don't know any Dowd." But Paul played it cool.

"Dowd—you know what I mean." He glared straight at Heath. "You were in on it. Five dead. Think your boys would swing—and let you off scot-free?" Suddenly, Heath's face twisted into a hard knot. He swore violently. Paul stepped even closer, jamming the barrel of his gun into Heath's ribs. Daniels clicked on the handcuffs as Heath swung wildly with his elbows. The bluff had worked. Raging, Heath burst out with the names of the gang of killers. Paul smiled proudly at Daniels as they led Heath down the street by the elbows.

"We'd better git this guy over to Tombstone," he said. "This town is hot for hanging." Daniels nodded and pushed his worn hat back on his head.

"We got names now," he sighed. "That's some help."

Heath was sitting in the jail in Tombstone, calm and confident. He had given them the names of six men, but he never had anything to do with them except in his Brewery Gulch saloon. But Behan had spread the descriptions of the men all over the territory. Word got back from Clifton that the Dan Dowd Gang and a man called Frank Heath had been notified to leave town. They had preyed on stage lines and mining payrolls, even in broad daylight. It was easy for desperadoes to get away in Clifton; it was isolated, and like all mining towns, filled with saloons and gambling and dance halls.

Paul had put it together. Heath had come ahead of the gang to establish a front in Bisbee. They had camped at Buckles' ranch, where they'd separated. The night of the robbery, Heath rode out to brief them on where the money was, and met them again to get his share shortly after the killings, a little ways out of town. He'd had plenty of time while Kriegbaum rode for the Tombstone posse.

A government surveyor had spotted Jim Vaughn, three hundred miles from Tombstone, a short while later. Paul chased out there by stage, but Vaughn was tipped off and fled. He was cornered at last in a sawmill. Paul made a shield from heavy oak.

The two men fired a dozen rounds each; the oak shield was working. But then Vaughn did the unexpected: he got hold of a rifle. The first shot splintered through the oak, knocking Paul down, uninjured but stunned. Vaughn was quick to take advantage. Within seconds he was mounted, tearing away from his pursuers.

The chase lasted six and a half days, leading Paul out into the desert and vermilion-cliff country. It was hell. They both bought fresh horses from the Navajos. Twice, Paul lost the trail. The first time, riding in desperate search, he saw stampeding antelope; Vaughn was hungry. The second time, it was a half eaten horse. Vaughn was desperate.

But it was a trap. Vaughn waited for Paul at Horserock, hidden to ambush him with a rifle. Vaughn sent an Indian boy out to tell Paul he had been killed. Paul walked right into it. Vaughn's rifle cracked, sending Paul flat on his back skidding downhill in the dirt. He was wounded in the chest. The Indian boy took him to a government agent. A few weeks later, he was up and headed for Bisbee, ready for work.

But the hope of catching Vaughn was gone. Finally, Behan got news that Vaughn had been shot down in a raid of the frontier village of St. Johns in a street battle.

Behan got another tip from Clifton. In a trip along the Arizona-New Mexico border, he hit every town. Finally, back in Clifton, a miner named Pickering approached him with a description of a diamond set watch—one of the pieces of jewelry Howard had snatched from the store window. A man who called himself George Lincoln had given it to Pickering's girl. Behan sent Paul out there to check it out and bring back this Lincoln and anyone with him.

It was Howard and, with him, Red Sample. Paul saw them as he hid around a corner from where the two were renting a surrey. He watched them silently. They stopped at the hotel and picked up two women, and then headed the surrey out of town.

Paul followed on horseback, so far behind the surrey that it was almost out of sight. Finally it stopped. By the time Paul was in arm's length of the two men, they were making love to the girls. The giggling had covered Paul's footsteps.

"It's over, Howard!" he shouted, cocking his gun hammer. "Drop it, Sample." The two men scrambled, Howard flinging his girl out of the surrey, trying to get to his gun. Paul fired. Bang! Bang! Twice, both hits. But Howard was still alive. Paul flashed his gun toward Sample, who threw up his hands. The women screamed and cried; Howard groaned in agony as he fell from the surrey.

Paul got Howard back to Tombstone on a stretcher. Both were jailed along with Heath within a week.

(photo courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library)

A birdseye view of Tombstone, Arizona, 1880.

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One killed and three culprits behind bars. Behan and Paul still had to find Dowd and Delaney. Special Officer Tucker had found Kelly at Deming, New Mexico, and had wired Sheriff Ward from Tombstone to come pick him up. A Mexican barber had held a razor to his throat and called the law.

Information turned up shortly. Mexican folk had had news all the way from Chihuahua, Mexico. It was Dowd. This time it was Behan to go.

He posed as a fancy ore buyer, coming in off the train. Night after night, he pursued the tough Mexican bars, sure that he would recognize Dowd. It was luck that he saw Dowd through the window, and watched him throw his money around for almost an hour. He waited, late, hidden by darkness in the now deserted streets. He heard Dowd's drunken steps. He pulled out one of his heavy pistols, but firing it was out. He wanted Dowd alive. As Dowd stepped down to round the corner—Whack! He groaned slowly and slumped to his knees. Behan kicked him over.

Extradition laws in Mexico were vague and difficult. Behan rented a wagon a few hours before daylight. He drove it to a point close to the border, with Dowd covered with a tarpaulin and bound tightly.

Behan stuffed him into a boxcar headed north. It was a desperate struggle. He was actually dragging Dowd to Tombstone. He got his man back.

Another clue came through the Mexican folk. Paul and Behan set out for the last man, Delaney. Word was that he was held up in Minas Prietas in Sonora. They rode into Mexico where they picked up a friendly Mexican guide.

They waited outside Minas Prietas. The guide was to go in and give Delaney a message—from Dan Dowd. Finally, they heard his horse shuffling toward them.

"Dan?" Bill Delaney called in the darkness. "You old sot. Where are you?"

Paul jumped out, gun drawn.

"Right here!" he shouted. "Here, Delaney!" Delaney gaped at him in horror, and then reached for his gun. Behan jumped behind his horse and jerked the reins.

"And here!" he shouted frantically trying to keep him from firing at Paul. "Get off that horse." Slowly Delaney dismounted, swearing.

"How'd you find me?" he asked. "You dirty lawman." He glared at Paul as Behan snapped the cuffs on Delaney. Paul shoved him forward toward their wagon.

"Get going!" he snorted. The last outlaw had been captured. They got him back to justice.

The trial came quickly in Tombstone. Dowd, Sample, Howard, Delaney and Kelly couldn't have defended themselves anyway, and were sentenced to be hanged on March 28th. Some accounts say that they claimed Heath had not taken part in it.

Heath, tried separately, got off a little easier. He was convicted of murder in the second degree on February 21, 1884, before Judge D. H. Pinney in Tombstone. Sentenced to life imprisonment, Heath escaped the gallows—or so he thought.

Before dawn the next morning, thirty miners mounted their horses and rode from Bisbee to Tombstone. In Tombstone they were joined by a group of others. They walked slowly down the dusty street toward the jailhouse, to face Sheriff Ward. The leader, a lanky miner, banged on the solid door to the sheriff's office.

"Open up, Ward!" he shouted in a threatening, vengeful voice. "Open up, or . . ."

Ward opened the door cautiously; he'd seen lynch mobs before. The first five miners drew pistols, as the lanky leader stepped up to Ward.

"The keys to the cells, Ward," he said, cocking his gun hammer. Ward took a couple of steps back, and held out the keys. There was nothing else he could do. He couldn't stop a wholesale lynching, and he wasn't going to try.

One of the miners snatched the keys from his outstretched hand and about ten stormed back to the cells. Ward listened, sweat dropping off his temples. The bars rattled and prisoners screamed.

Seconds later, the ten miners came out leading Heath, only Heath. Ward started to take a step, but a gun flashed in front of him. He stopped.

Some accounts say Heath screamed all the way to that telegraph pole on Tough Nut Street. Others report he asked only that they not mutilate his body, or shoot it full of holes. At any rate, the mob of miners strung him up about 8:30 on the morning of February 22, 1884. A placard on the pole (Walter Noble Burns reported in TOMBSTONE) placed by the citizens of Tombstone read:

John Heath
Was hanged to this Pole
By the
Citizens of Cochise County
For participation as a known
accessory in the Bisbee Massacre
At 8:20 a.m., February 22, 1884
Washington's Birthday

Dr. George Goodfellow testified at the coroner's inquiry that Heath died of "emphysema of the lungs."

How much money the robbers actually got from the Castenada and Goldwater store no one knows. Some say $30,000; others, only $2,700. For the fatal shooting of the five Bisbee citizens, all five killers were hanged, all in a row of black, hooded faces, behind the courthouse in Tombstone.

Heath is buried in the third row of Tombstone's boot hill. ●

HE CAPTURED INDIANS WITH PAINT!

(Continued from page 35)

son of a chief was splendidly dressed in a military costume of broadcloth of the finest blue, trimmed with gold lace. Two immense epaulettes were on his shoulders. His neck was strangled by a shining, black stock and his feet were pinioned in a pair of waterproof boots with high heels which made him step like a yoked hog. On his head was a high-crowned beaver hat with a broad, silver, lace band, surmounted by a two-foot high red feather. His coat collar was stiff with lace which came higher than his ears and over them, flowing downwards to his haunches. His long, Indian locks were stuck up in tolls and plaits with red paint. His hands were covered in kid gloves. In one, he held a blue umbrella; in the other, a large fan. A large, silver medal hung from his neck by a ribbon, and across his right shoulder passed a wide belt supporting a broadsword by his side. He strutted up and down the deck of the boat whistling 'Yankee Doodle.'"

The ridiculous attire compelled Catlin to hurrry for his paints so that he could make a companion to the first picture. Catlin remarked: "At first, I hardly recognized him—the change was so great from the Indian's dignified, comfortable appearance in his own clothing to the tight, ill-fitting, military garb bestowed on him by President Jackson."

One of the most spectacular events that happened on George Catlin's tour was not even painted by him because he was in no sense a sensationalist. On his first visit to Fort Pierre, the Indians' attitude towards his painting was a mixture of personal vanity and superstitious apprehension.

First, George had to make friends with the chiefs and then get permission to paint. This was no real problem for him since, like most artists, he understood much from the Indians by just watching their gestures and facial expressions. He didn't have to know the spoken language to know what they were saying and thinking most of the time. And he had his own way of communicating with them by using wide arm gestures, by assuming various postures, and by exaggerating his own frowns, smiles and expressions of wonder, questioning or annoyance.

After the Sioux' confidence was won, the chief would dictate the order in which the subordinate chiefs would be painted. There was much jealousy, rivalry and personal controversy among the lower chiefs. The air was filled with misgivings, and George was tense as he began painting.

The women hovered in the corners,

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and whispered and pointed and moaned. They were sure that some of the life had been taken from the person whose portrait was being painted and that it had been transferred to the likeness on the canvas. They listened intently and nodded in awed apprehension as the medicine men spread admonitions around the circle of watchers.

The medicine men, jealous and fearful of Catlin's powers, maliciously told that spells had been cast on the painted ones—spells that would cause premature and unnatural death to the one who allowed his image to be drawn on anything as flimsy as Catlin's canvasses.

Eager to get through with the painting so that everyone would be satisfied, Catlin painted Mah-to-cheega, the Little Bear, in profile. When the three-quarters of a face was nearly finished, Shonka, the Dog, who had not yet been painted, stood up belligerently and hurled insults to the sitting Indian.

"Look at that," he snarled sullenly, pointing a taut finger at the picture. "Little Bear is only half a man!" The muscles in Little Bear's face tightened perceptibly, but his body remained still, rigidly holding the pose in which Catlin had placed him.

"Who says so?" Little Bear spat between slitted lips. The other Indian sneered.

"I, Shonka, the Dog," he taunted. "And I can prove it."

The crowd breathed in mute silence. Slowly, the Dog again raised his lean, bronze arm and stiffened a finger at the portrait on the easel. "See, even the painter-man knows that half of you is good for nothing, and he has left it out of your picture."

Little Bear bolted off the stool and raced for his tent. He grabbed his gun and threw himself face-down on the ground outside his teepee, imploring the Great Spirits in humble supplication for aid and protection while he cleared his name.

As he was in this position, moaning his prayers, his wife, hoping to keep peace in the encampment and to save her husband from harm, picked up the rifle and unloaded it. As she placed the gun down beside her mate, Shonka appeared, brandishing a rifle of his own and yelling.

"If Little Bear is more than half-man, let him prove it," he challenged. Little Bear stood up and aimed his gun. Both men shot at once.

When George Catlin pushed his way through the crowd that smothered the ugly scene, the half of the face of Little Bear—a mere shadow in the portrait—was blown from the Indian's crumpled body. Blood still gushed from the remaining portion of the body, forming a pool of red in front of the splattered moccasins of those who drew too close to the site of horror.

Horrified, Catlin left the Indian camp as quickly as he could, hiding by the side of the river until the next steamboat came by. Still, he continued for many more years to paint the red man in his natural habitat—celebrating victory, dying in battle and buffalo hunting.

Catlin considered the buffalo hunt one of the most thrilling sights on the prairies. During the running season (July and August), the buffalo congregated in such great herds as to blacken the prairies for miles. The whole mass was in constant motion, and the bellows of the bulls would roll like thunder through the hot, sullen air.

The artist described the buffalo as a most formidable animal when excited. "The bull weighs 2,000 pounds, shaking a long, shaggy mane which falls in great profusion and confusion to the ground. His horns are short but large, with only one turn. The ball of the eye is very large and white, and the iris—jet black. The lids of the eyes always seem to strain open, with the ball rolling forward and down, so that a considerable part of the iris is hidden behind the lower lid, while the pure white of the eyeball glares out over it in an arch in the shape of the moon at the end of its first quarter.

At the finish of one buffalo hunt which he witnessed, Catlin wrote to his wife: "I defy the world to produce another animal that can look so frightful as a huge, bull buffalo when wounded. He will turn for the battle, swelling with rage, his eyes bloodshot, and his long, shaggy mane tussling to the ground. His mouth open, his horrid rage hisses in streams of smoke and blood from his mouth and through his nostrils, as he is bending forward to spring upon his assailant."

To catch the buffalo, the Indians used small but serviceable, wild horses which they'd caught on the prairies. The horse was the fleetest animal on the prairie, and quickly brought its rider alongside his game.

No bridle whatsoever was used on the horse as Indians had no knowledge of a bit. Instead, a short halter wrapped around the underjaw of the horse was used to stop him. The rider had no time to guide the horse during the swift pace of the hunt anyway, but the training of the horse was such that he knew the object of the rider's selection.

The pony would exert every muscle to give the buffalo close company, pounding the dirt at full speed while the halter lay loose and untouched on his neck. The rider strained forward and to one side—impatient for the kill.

Before the chase, the Indian would strip himself and his horse by throwing off his shield and quiver, and every part of his dress which might be an encumbrance to him in running. In his left hand, he would grasp an ash or "bois d'arc" bow with five or six flint, bone or steel-slivered arrows drawn from the quiver and ready for instant use.

In his right hand, or attached to his right wrist, was a heavy whip which he used mercilessly to force his horse alongside the game at the greatest possible speed.

The horse approached the animal from the right side, giving the rider a chance to throw to the left, which he did at the instant the horse was passing, bringing him opposite the heart, which received his deadly weapon "to the feather." The animal then came tumbling down, gushing out his heart's blood from the mouth and nostrils.

When pursuing a large herd, the

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Indian generally rode to the rear until he selected the animal that he wished to kill. He then separated it from the throng as soon as he could by dashing his horse between it and the herd, forcing it off by itself where he could approach it without being trampled to death—as he might be by running too close to the multitude.

The horse, instinctively afraid of the buffalo, kept his eye strained upon the furious enemy that he so closely encountered. The moment the horse approached the nearest distance required and had slightly passed the animal, whether the shot had been fired or not, the pony veered off to one side to prevent coming onto the horns of the infuriated beast.

The horns were often instantly turned and presented for the fatal reception of the oncoming horse. These blood-rending collisions inevitably took place in spite of the cleverness of the pony or the usual caution of his rider, for the extraordinary and inexpressible exhilaration of the chase sometimes seemed to drown out prudence and reason, and both horse and rider would rush to destruction as if it were a pastime and amusement.

The winter hunt took a different form. The buffalo's hair or fur in the spring was short and almost jet black, but in the winter it lightened and grew thicker and heavier to protect the animal from the cold prairie winds, and to make him less noticeable among his surroundings.

The Indian changed his garb, too, in the wintertime. Then he hunted under the skin of a white wolf. He donned snowshoes which were two to three feet in length and one foot in width. A hoop from a limber tree branch was bent around for a frame, and netting or webbing was woven across with strings of rawhide. These shoes were fastened to the Indian's feet, somewhat like a skate.

The Indian could glide rapidly over the snow without sinking, scarcely leaving a trace. The buffalo who bogged down in the slushy snow under their own tremendous weight were at the mercy of the skillful hunters who carried lances as well as bows and arrows.

Catlin worried about the buffalos' becoming extinct as well as the culture of the Indians. And for the same reasons. The white man enticed the Indians into hunting buffalo to trade for trivia—trinkets, whiskey and bright-colored materials.

Said Catlin: "The Sioux are bold and desperate horsemen and great hunters. In the heart of their country is one of the most extensive assortments of goods, of whiskey and of other saleable commodities, as well as a party of indefatigable white men who are constantly yelling for every robe that can be stripped from these animals' backs."

Catlin once saw a party of five or six hundred Sioux come to a fort with 1,400 fresh buffalo tongues. As far as he could tell, no other parts of the buffalo had been salvaged. They'd been left to rot, to waste on the prairie. The Indians bartered the tongues for a few gallons of whiskey which was too soon demolished.

No wonder Catlin fought so hard all his adult life to save what he could of the Indians' environment.

He died in 1872, a poor man, but he was rich in the satisfaction of having fulfilled his mission of preserving as much as he could of the history of the red man whom he admired so much.

About them, he said these things:

"I love the people who have always made me welcome to the best they had.

"I love a people who are honest without laws, who have no jails or poorhouses.

"I love a people who keep the commandments without ever having read them or heard them preached from the pulpit.

"I love the people who have never fought a battle against the white man, except on their own grounds.

"I love a people who live and keep what is their own without locks and keys.

"I love all people who do the best they can. And oh, how I love a people who don't live for the love of money."

Even though the artist knew that the Indians had never heard a sermon in their lives, he heard many legends of their gods. He was one of the first visitors to the pipestone quarry in Minnesota, which the Indians believed was a sacred gift to them from the Great Spirit. In fact, the red claystone which they dug from the pits and carved their peace pipes from has been named Catlinite.

The old legend of the quarry tells that in an ancient period, the Great Spirit called all the Indian tribes together. Standing on the precipice of a red, pipestone rock, he broke a piece from its wall, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand. He then smoked it over them—to the north, to the south, the east and the west—telling them that this red stone was their flesh, that it belonged to them all, and that the war club and scalping knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe, his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles around was melted and glazed under his feet. Two great ovens opened beneath him, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire. They remain there to this day as consultants of the gods when there are visitors in the quarry.

It is pleasing to think that the guardians recognized Catlin as a friend when only Indians were visiting the quarries, and that they guided him with a gentle hand as he collected his portraits, pictures, letters and notes which have left a record of his "friends" for all the years to come. ●

HE STRUCK TERROR TO APACHE HEARTS!

(Continued from page 37)

eight miles below the fort, for a picnic. Camp was made and the soldiers were placed on guard atop a rock some ten yards from the spring. They had left their only child, Albert Henry Jr., an infant, at the fort with friends.

While Pfeiffer was bathing in the spring some Apaches, with probably a few Comanches, numbering about twenty in all, made a surprise attack upon the party. In a few seconds, they had killed two of the soldiers, wounded Betts, and captured Mrs. Pfeiffer and the servant girls. Pfeiffer leaped from the spring, seized his rifle and killed one of the assailants. Seeing that the odds were hopelessly against him, he waded across the Rio Grande, stark naked; and carrying only his rifle and ammunition, he struck out for the fort for aid, with the Indians in hot pursuit. Knowing savage nature from long residence in the country, he believed they would not kill his wife and the two girls immediately, but would take them to their camp and compel them to serve as cooks.

With the Indians only a few rods behind him, Pfeiffer raced across the desert toward the fort. An arrow struck him in the back, the head passing entirely through his body. Another struck him in the leg. Presently, he reached some rocks and holed up among them to make a fight to the death of it. For hours he lay there, the hot sun scorching his naked body on one side and the rocks the other. Because he was known as an expert marksman, the Indians were wary of coming too close to his place of refuge. When they saw they could not force him out without heavy losses, they gave up the fight and went away with their prisoners.

Pfeiffer succeeded in reaching the fort, as did the four surviving soldiers and Betts, but he was in a pitiable condition. He was exhausted, weak from the loss of blood and sunburned from head to foot, and his feet were cruelly lacerated by the desert over which he'd traveled. When the surgeon removed the arrow from his body, a great patch of skin peeled off his back and chest.

Major Arthur Morrison of the First New Mexico Volunteers, commandant of the fort, promptly sent out a detachment of soldiers to rescue Mrs. Pfeiffer and the girls. The officer in charge was warned against crowding the savages, and was instructed to locate their camp and make a surprise attack. Somehow these orders miscarried. The Indians learned they were being followed, and knowing that the prisoners would handicap them, they slaughtered Mrs. Pfeiffer

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and one of the girls. The other girl was recovered.

The Apaches made a grave mistake when they killed Pfeiffer's wife. As he lay upon his bed recovering from his wounds and sunburn, he swore a blood oath of eternal vengeance against the Apaches and Comanches. Heretofore, he was only a soldier fighting Indians in an abstract manner. Now, a consuming thirst for personal revenge possessed him.

While he was convalescing, Colonel Kit Carson marched his regiment to the west side of the Rio Grande, under orders from General Carlton to smash the Navajos once and for all. Before Pfeiffer was really able to march, he left his bed, followed his commander and reported at Fort Defiance on August 2, 1863, his wounds not yet healed. Two days later, he led a scouting expedition which killed a woman and child, brought down a warrior, captured thirteen others and brought in a flock of a hundred sheep and goats.

All fall and until midwinter, Carson harried the Navajos wherever he could find them. Those captured, about two hundred, were sent to a reservation called Bosque Redondo, east of the Rio Grande near Fort Sumner. These operations, effective though they were, did not do the business of finishing off the Navajos. The only way to smash them completely was to seize their age-old stronghold, Canyon de Chelly. Therefore, early in January of 1864, Carson marched his regiment from Fort Canby to accomplish this purpose.

Pfeiffer, long since recovered from his wounds, with thirty-three men and a train of pack mules carrying their baggage and supplies, set out on January 2nd for the east entrance of the canyon. At first the snow was about six inches deep. By the time they reached their destination, its depth was two feet. On the way, they lost the trail several times, and when they arrived on the 11th the feet of several of the men were frozen.

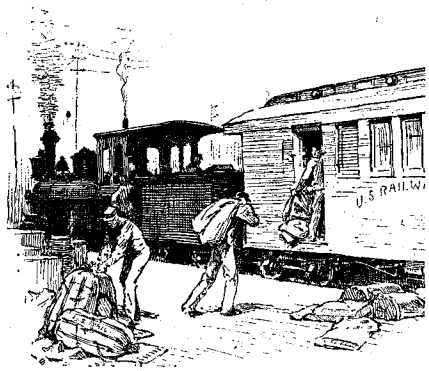
In the meantime, Carson also marched from Fort Canby, four days after Pfeiffer left. His destination was the west entrance of the canyon, and his detachment had also been harassed by the cold and snow. On one day's march of twenty-five miles, twenty-seven oxen in the wagon train died of overexhaustion and exposure. After heartbreaking labor and incredible hardship, they arrived at the west entrance on January 12th.

The following day, two parties set out to scout along both the north and south rims of the canyon. One of these was commanded by Captain Joseph Berney, and the other by Captain A. B. Carey. Carson himself accompanied the latter, which took the south rim. His intention was to station troops at both entrances and at all points of exit, and thus bag the remainder of the Navajos.

When he reached a certain point on the second day, from which he could look down into the canyon as far as the east entrance, he saw nothing of Pfeiffer's command. Greatly alarmed at this, he returned to his main camp. His concern was groundless, however, for Pfeiffer and his men were safe. They had merely struck out upon an unauthorized adventure of their own.

The explanation of it was that when Pfeiffer arrived at the east entrance, he was disinclined to sit down in the snow and watch it like a cat watching a mouse hole. Consequently, while his commander was yet one day's march from the west entrance, he boldly entered the east one. This was foolhardy business, for he might meet an overwhelming force of Navajos somewhere in the canyon. That, however, did not bother him in the least. Neither did the fact that he was committing a breach of orders. He wasn't afraid of either the Navajos or Colonel Kit. After all, were they not old comrades in arms and personal, bosom friends?

Dividing his little force into three parties, he sent one of them ahead with picks and shovels. Behind them



came the main body with the pack mules bringing up the rear. For the first twelve miles, they traveled on the ice in a stream which flowed through the canyon. The going from the very first was extremely difficult. The mules broke through the ice, and one fell so heavily that it was killed. On the first day, they took four, half-starved, naked Navajo prisoners.

On January 12th, the day Carson arrived at the west entrance, they entered a place where the canyon walls came close together. Along here, the Navajos appeared high above the floor in considerable numbers, "whooping, yelling and cursing, firing their guns, and throwing down rocks and pieces of wood." The soldiers returned their fire, killing two, and took six more prisoners.

Here and there in the lofty canyon wall, tucked away in crevices none but the Indians could reach, were cliff dwellings built by people who antedated the Navajos, but which were now used as fortifications. Nearby was one of the peach orchards for which the place was famous. In places where the walls receded, beautiful savannahs which the Navajos had converted into irrigated cornfields were found. At other places, the canyon ran a zigzag course with walls close together.

These caverns and ledges were where the Navajos retreated when danger threatened. One night the smoke from Pfeiffer's campfires curled upward along the canyon wall into the faces of a large body of Indians who were so high that they appeared no larger than crows.

Pfeiffer made camp at the west entrance where the walls fell away on either side and the floor of the canyon sloped gently. During the day, two Navajo warriors and a woman came in and surrendered. The following day, Carson returned from his scouting trip along the rim of the canyon and was surprised to find Pfeiffer and his men, who should have been on guard at the east entrance, waiting for him. With obvious pride, he wrote in his report that they had killed three Navajos and captured ninety others. In summing up the results of the expedition, he said twenty-three Indians had been killed, two hundred captured, and a large number of sheep and goats seized. Canyon de Chelly was no longer a mystery. Pfeiffer, the audacious, was only mildly reprimanded for disobeying orders. The defeated Navajos were taken to the Bosque Redondo reservation, and the campaign was finished.

Either during this campaign or soon thereafter, something happened to Pfeiffer's eyes and face. Presumably, it was the latter, for no mention of his having been wounded was made in Carson's official report. While he was recovering, plans for a campaign against the Apaches of Arizona were made in the summer of 1863. Of course, Pfeiffer wanted to go. His anger against that tribe was now well-known, and was summed up in a letter from a friend in Santa Fe, who feelingly remarked: "God knows you have a good motive for dealing the Aapches some bloody blows."

Pfeiffer had his way, and was made commander of a scout against them. By June 7, 1864, he had been severely wounded and was on his way to Fort Canby in an ambulance. He was always getting wounded for that matter. It was said of him that he never got into a fight without whipping the Indians and getting wounded. His scars were so numerous that when he died in bed many years later, there was scarcely room for a new one.

That wound kept him at home on nominal recruiting duty while his old commander marched on another expedition against the Indians and fought the greatest battle of his career. This was Carson's campaign against the combined Comanche and Kiowa tribes, whlch culminated in the famous Battle of Adobe Wells on

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November 25, 1864.

That fall was a fateful one in the history of the Great Plains. Maddened by the war fever which gripped the white people, the Indians, from the Platte to the farthest reaches of Texas, took to the war path. Even the hitherto peaceable Cheyennes and Arapahoe exhumed the hatchet and stained it red again and again.

In retaliation for raids and attacks upon the settlers of eastern Colorado and western Kansas, Colonel J. W. Chivington and his Colorado volunteers massacred a large number of Indians in their village on Sand Creek in November. The Great Plains were aflame, and communications between the southwest and the east were practically destroyed. Conditions were especially bad along the Cimarron Cutoff; the fierce Comanches and Kiowas, whom Carson had fought at Adobe Walls but not whipped, made travel practically impossible.

On May 7, 1865, General Carlton ordered Carson, recently promoted to brevet brigadier general, to prepare to march out upon the Cimarron Cutoff and establish a military post at Cedar Bluffs or Cold Spring near the present New Mexico-Oklahoma border. His right hand man, Pfeiffer, had been promoted to major. Early in June, they reached their destination, and began construction of a stone fort, two hundred feet square, near the Upper Cimarron Crossing. The soldiers, some three hundred in number, lived in tents and dugouts within the enclosure, while the officers occupied tents or stone houses on the outside. The post was called Camp Nichols. The summer was devoted exclusively to hard work, for no Indians were encountered. Consequently, when an order to abandon the place came, Pfeiffer marched happily away to Fort Union. Now he could get back to the main business of harrying the Apaches.

On March 13, 1866, he received a commission as Brevet Lieutenant Colonel of New Mexico Volunteers. July of that year found him at Fort Garland in the San Luis Valley as commandant. This tour of duty exerted a profound influence upon his life, for that beautiful, mountain-walled area became his permanent home.

Life at Fort Garland which stood in the very heart of the hunting grounds of the friendly Ute Indians, was pleasant. About the middle of August of 1856, General Carson arrived with his wife and half a dozen children and took over command of the fort. This brief interlude of fellowship between boon companions of the long trails and fiery war path was highly pleasing to both Carson and Pfeiffer. Hunting was good in the vicinity of the fort, and they kept the garrison well-supplied with the game they brought in.

After about a year of idyllic life at the fort, the New Mexico Volunteers were mustered out of service. Now, Pfeiffer's dream of establishing a cattle ranch became true. He selected a home site on the bank of the Rio Grande, some ten miles upstream from present Del Norte, but spent much time at Fort Garland, where he was probably associated with Ferd Myer, post sutler.

Later he became agent for the Ute Indians at Abiquiu, New Mexico. Being already acquainted with them, and on very friendly terms with the noted Chief Curay, the success of his work was guaranteed from the beginning. He was adopted into the tribe, and given the name "Tata," which meant "Father."

When Pfeiffer left the army, he was free to come and go as he wished. Having no family ties to restrain him, he roamed the southwest at will. Again and again, he went Apache and Comanche hunting, and fought them wherever he found them. Sometimes he was accompanied by Ute Indians, sometimes by Mexicans, and at other times by a party made up of both. He attacked small bands and hunting parties, drove off their horses, and burned their lodges.

With good reason, these Indians came to fear him. They endowed him with legendary qualities, and his very name inspired terror among them. On one occasion, he jocularly remarked that when he went out on such expeditions, half a dozen wolves always followed him. They were fond of Indian meat, and he fed them well. Unfortunately, only a few of his exploits and escapades have escaped oblivion, even among his descendants. In 1879, Major General James P. Fry, writing from Headquarters Division of the Atlantic Military Division on Governor's Island, New York, urged him to record his experiences, "no matter how roughly." It is doubtful that Pfeiffer ever complied with the request.

One of those adventures which General Fry wished written down occurred somewhere in Comanche country. On one occasion when he was on a hunting trip, his party was attacked by those Indians. The savages drew the well-known whirling circle of death about them and fought bravely. The chief leading the racing warriors wore a magnificently beaded, antelope skin coat. Pfeiffer drew a bead upon him as he lay upon his horse's back, and pulled the trigger. The chief rolled to the ground, shot through the back. When the battle was over, Pfeiffer stripped the coat from the Indian's body and took it home. It became a treasured heirloom in his family and was once placed on exhibition in London. Experts examined it and pronounced it to be one of the finest examples of Indian beadwork in existence. Today it reposes in the Rio Grande County Museum in Del Norte, Colorado.

Another adventure which General Fry wished to know about concerned the Pagosa Springs in the San Juan Mountains. These springs, and the ownership of the country round about, had long been the subject of dispute between the Ute and Navajo Indians. On one occasion, after Pfeiffer had settled upon his ranch, the Utes sent him word that they were at war with the Navajos over the Springs. He immediately joined them.

At somebody's suggestion, both tribes agreed to decide the issue by a battle between champions chosen from each. The Navajos put forward a veritable giant, and Pfeiffer asked permission to represent his friends, the Utes, providing he was allowed the choice of weapons, and that they should fight entirely naked. The Utes first objected on account of Pfeiffer's size, but finally consented. Pfeiffer chose knives.

Upon the appearance of the champions, the Navajos laughed at Pfeiffer's medium stature, and predicted an easy victory. The Utes compared the two of them and were dismayed. Meanwhile, the champions advanced toward each other. Upon reaching the proper distance, Pfeiffer threw back his arm and launched his knife with deadly accuracy and lightning speed. The weapon struck the Navajo in the breast, sank to the hilt and killed him instantly. His comrades bore his body away and kept their bargain.

Today, Colonel Pfeiffer's ashes rest upon his ranch, and a monument commemorating his victory over the Navajo champion stands on the spot near the town of Pagosa Springs where the battle occurred. Although the full story of his life will probably never be told, his name and fame have been woven into the fabric of the history of the San Luis Valley and the broad southwest. He died on April 6, 1881. ●

AUTHOR'S NOTE: More than thirty years ago, the authors first heard of Colonel Albert Pfeiffer and interviewed his descendants who lived in the San Luis Valley. Chief among them was a sprightly old lady, who was seventy-four years of age, and who was known far and wide as "Grandma Pfeiffer." She was the widow of Albert Pfeiffer Jr., the infant left at Fort McRae with friends when his father, then Captain Albert Pfeiffer Sr., and his mother went to El Ojo Del Muerto on their fatal picnic in 1863. In her possession were various documents and artifacts related to the noted, old Indian fighter. Among them were letters from Kit Carson, Lafayette and other prominent Coloradoans which were written in the early 1860's and 1870's. Colonel Pfeiffer was one of those sturdy mountain men, Indian fighters and pioneers of the West whose name and deeds are mostly forgotten today, even by their own descendants.

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THE GREAT RIVER OF ALASKA (Continued from page 51)

On the lower river, beyond Fort Yukon, their numbers appreciably decrease; but as they are reenforced by the little, black gnats and sandflies, life for the traveler even there is not pleasant. It is not until the first severe frost comes, about the first of September, that this annoyance is abated completely, although for a short time before this, the hopeful wanderer in these wilds thinks he notices a falling off in the census.

Captain Petersen, a trader on the lower river, and a person whom I found not given to exaggeration, says he has known Eskimo dogs to be killed by mosquitoes; and the Indians tell him, and he says he has no reason to doubt them, that even the brown bear of Alaska, almost the peer of the grizzly, has been known in rare instances to be slain by them when he ventured into their swampy haunts.

Captain Petersen and the Indians account for this by supposing, as the bodies show, that instead of securing safety by precipitate retreat from such places, the bear frightens them by rearing up on his hind-quarters, until the mosquito stings near his eyes close them. He is kept in this condition until starvation eventually causes his death.

About eight o'clock in the evening, while camped a quarter of a mile below the cascades in the Grand Rapids, we could hear heavy concussions in single blows at two and three minute intervals.

It was noticed by more than one, and thought by some to be distant thunder, although it sounded strangely unlike that noisy element in other climes, and there were no signs of a storm in the sky.

A very light series of earthquakes also seemed a poor theory, and there was little or nothing else to which it could be attributed except the cascades, which I believe have been known to cause earthtremblings and analogous phenomena.

On the 5th of July, we bade adieu to the worst canyon and rapids on the Yukon River. About noon, we passed the mouth of the Tahk River (the Tahk-heen'-ah of the Chilkats), which measured probably two-thirds the size of the Yukon proper.

It was flowing muddy water at the time, and our surmise that this would spoil our splendid grayling fishing proved to be correct. While the Tahk-heen'-ah noticeably flows less water than the Yukon, and therefore is not entitled to be called the river proper, its bed seems to correspond with the general characteristics of the Yukon from its mouth on.

From the Grand Canyon to the Tahk River, the banks of the Yukon are high and bold, and often broken into perpendicular bluffs of white, sandy clay, while from here on the shores are much lower, similar to those of the Tahk-heen'-ah, and wooded to the water's edge.

The 9th of July saw us sail out of Kluk-tas'-si, the last of the lakes. As we hauled down the old wall tent that had done us double duty as a sail and a tent, I think we were all light-hearted enough to make the Resolute draw an inch less water.

The river was now very shallow, wide and swift. We were constantly grating over bars of gravel, and occasionally sticking on one, but so rapid was the current that merely jumping off the raft was sufficient to start it forward and override most of these.

On both sides of the river, the forest fires had done considerable damage to the timber. On every side were stumps of all shades of darkness, from the blackened crisp of this year's conflagration to the light-brown ones covered with moss and rotting to the earth's level.

"How closely that one resembles a big grizzly bear!" remarked one of the party, pointing to a huge, shaggy brown stump some six or seven hundred yards ahead of us on the edge of a high, clay bank overlooking the river.

The likeness to this animal was close, and as we rapidly floated down towards it and it came walking down the edge of the cliff, the resemblance was sufficient to produce two or three guns from their cases.

At four hundred yards, the "stump" got one, good look at the formidable raft, evidently just bursting on his vision, and before we could fully realize how quickly he had done it, he disappeared in a grove of spruce, and we never saw him again.

Every living thing avoided us as if we were known pestilence, and grizzlies, the worst terror of the Indians in all this country, never felt satisfied until they had put a glacier or two between us. As we rounded a bend, a young lark, sitting on an overhanging bush, turned its head, and in its hurry "to do something mighty quick," fell into the water and drowned.

We were all congratulating ourselves on the swift current which was carrying us so speedily on, until along in the evening, when the subject of camping came up.

Then we found the current too rapid to make a landing without possibly tearing a log or two off the shore side of the raft. The river was of a perfectly uniform width that would have done credit to a canal. Consequently, not an eddy was to be found in which we could retard our motion; while a rank growth of willows springing from marshy ground, stretching for miles along the river, gave us but little desire to camp, even were it possible.

We now instituted a system of "downbrakes" with the Resolute, which consisted of keeping the stern of the raft dragging along the shore with the rear oar.

Had she been struck bowfirst in such a current, it would have converted her shape into that of a lozenge at the expense of a log or two; while scraping along had no bad effect, and often slowed our gait to half its usual rate, until a line ashore would complete our stoppage and allow us to go into camp.

On the 9th we passed the mouth of the Newberry River, about one hundred and thirty yards wide. The Yukon at once became very much deeper, swifter, and the water was of a darker hue, showing that the Newberry drained a considerable amount of tundra land or land where the water, saturated with the dyes extracted from dead leaves and mosses, is prevented from percolating through the soil by an impervious substratum of ice, and is carried off superficially and directly into the draining rivers.

On the 10th, forty miles further on, we passed the mouth of the D'-Abbadie River, which is over one hundred and fifty miles long to its head.

The D' Abbadie is important in an economical sense as the marking point on the Yukon at which gold in placer deposits commences.

From here on, nearly to the mouth or mouths of the great Yukon, a panful of dirt taken from almost any bar or bank with any discretion will give several "colors," in miners' parlance.

The Yukon, now widening out, was studded with numerous islands. It also

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became quite tortuous in its windings, and at one place where a grand river came in from the west (which I called Nordenskjold), a bald, prominent butte was seen no less than seven different times, directly ahead of the raft on different stretches of the river. Tantalus Butte marks the spot on the map.

The very few Indians we now saw along the river were of the most abject appearance, living in houses formed by three poles, one of which, being much longer than the rest, was used as a support for a couple of well-ventilated caribou skins. This dilapidated but simple arrangement was their residence in a country that abounded with good timber for log cabins.

The only use to which this timber was put, besides fuel, was in the construction of small rafts—canoes being almost unknown from the Grand Canyon to old Fort Selkirk.

Their winter quarters are just above the latter point, and when in the spring they sally up the river to their hunting and fishing grounds, their household effects are of so simple a nature that they can be readily carried upon their backs.

Returning in the fall, they build a small raft to carry the meager additions accumulated by the summer's hunt. Moose, caribou, black bear and salmon form their principal diet.

These rafts are collected from the dry, drifting logs that accumulate on the upper end of each island in wooden bastions from ten to fifteen feet high, and which are deposited during the spring (June) freshets.

So uniform are these driftwood deposits that in the many archipelagoes through which we had to pass, the islands would present an entirely different aspect as one looked up or downstream at them, having quite a pretty appearance in the former and looking like tumbled-down and abandoned woodyards in the latter case.

On the 11th, one of my Indians told me that on the next day we would have to shoot our fourth and last serious rapids; and while he had known Indians to accomplish this with their little rafts of a few, small logs, he felt anxious regarding our ponderous craft.

There were three channels through the rocks, the middle one being the widest, and for most craft, the best. However, it had the serious disadvantages of having a sharp, right-angled turn about halfway through and a projecting rock in its center.

The rapids could be heard (on the 12th) quite a while before we reached them, and beaching the raft a few hundred yards above them, they were given an inspection of a hurried nature. This disclosed a most picturesque gorge with perpendicular columns of rocks, forty or fifty feet high, standing in three or four groups in the very midst of the narrow rapid.

The right-hand channel was the straightest, although quite narrow, and the waves were running high enough to make us fear they might sweep something from the decks.

When we did finally essay this passage, it was amongst the greatest clattering of gulls, young and old, that one would care to hear.

The summits of the rock islands were splendidly protected from the invasions of any land animals, and hundreds of gulls had selected these fortresses of nature as their breeding places, and we were saluted as we shot through as intruders of the worst character.

This right channel of the Rink Rapids, as I named them, is situated within a sharp bend of the river; so that a steamwindlass operated from a river steamer's deck could be worked to the very best advantage in ascending these rapids.

Counting on much ascent, the Grand Canyon would be the true head of navigation on the Yukon, and thus the great river would be passable for light-draught river boats for eighteen hundred and sixty-six miles from the Aphoon or northern mouth, being the greatest length of uninterrupted navigation in any stream emptying into the Pacific Ocean.

On the 12th, our first moose was seen—a great, awkward-looking animal that came rushing through the willows, his palmated horns making the first observer believe that it was an Indian swinging his arms in the air.

We occasionally caught sight of these broad antlers and his brown sides, and I saved my reputation as a shot by the gun's not going off when the hammer fell. That night, we camped on the eastern bank of the river at the first, true Indian village we had so far encountered. Even this was deserted, the inhabitants being up the river fishing and hunting, as already explained.

It is in a most picturesque position, and is called Kitt-ah-gon, meaning "the town between two canoes."

On one side comes in a small creek that drains a conspicuous and beautiful valley among high hills, and one which looks as if it would support a much larger stream than the twenty-yard creek that empties near Kitt-ah-gon. The village itself consists of but one log house, about 18 x 30, and a dozen or more three-sided camping places of poles and brush, which are houses to be covered with skins.

The next twenty miles, through an archipelago of islands which hardly gave us a chance to know our distance from the two banks, brought us to old Fort Selkirk, which we found on the left bank, despite the fact that the five or six maps we had consulted placed it at the junction of the Yukon and Pelly, a large stream that comes in here from the east.

Its blackened chimneys, three in number, still held out against the elements after a third of a century, and were now almost lost in a little grove of poplars that had taken root since this frontier post of the Hudson's Bay Company had been burned to the ground in 1851.

We were now on ground familiar to white men. Our journey to Fort Yukon, five hundred miles further on, and thence to the river's mouth, will be described in another article in the next issue of TRUE FRONTIER. ●

(photo courtesy the author)

Crossing the pass which Lt. Schwatka named Perrier Pass and which leads to headwaters of Yukon.

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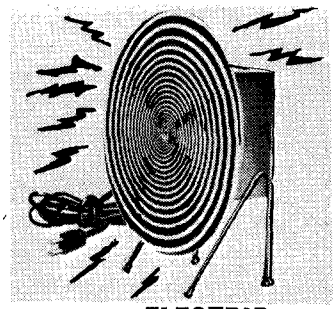

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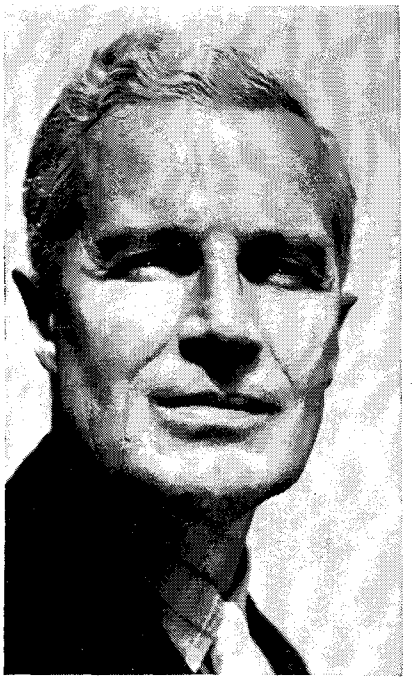

I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things, of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows." It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own." It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
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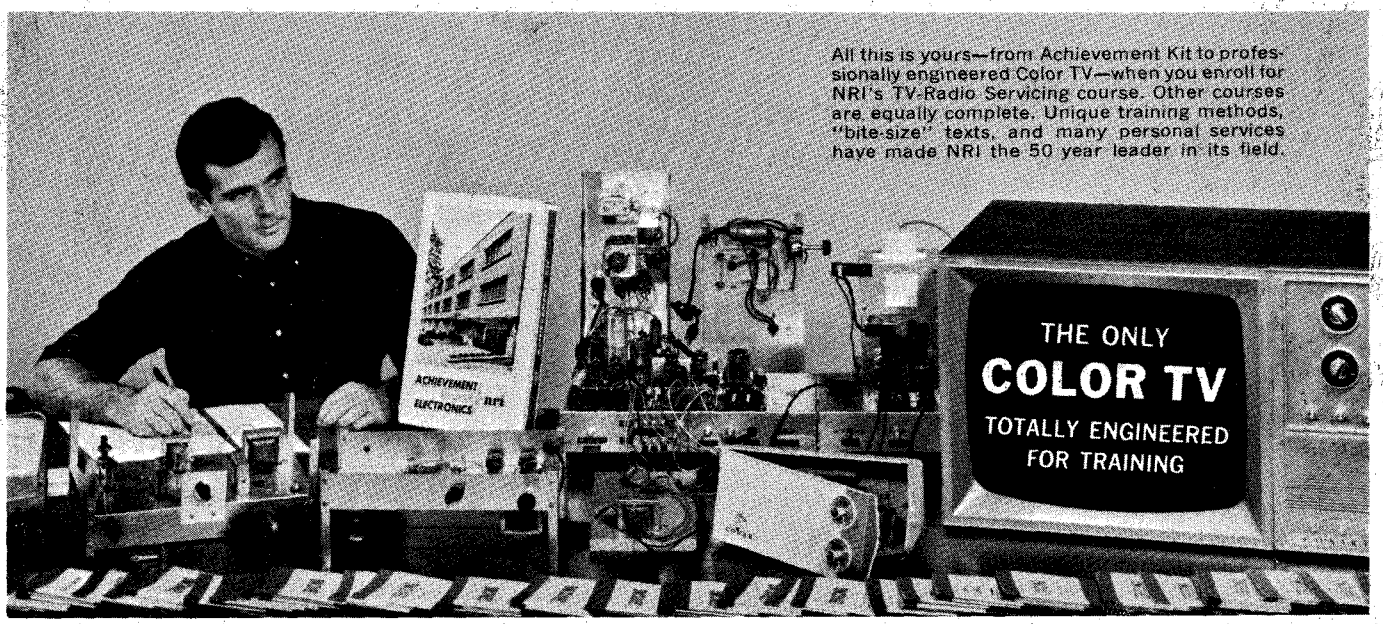

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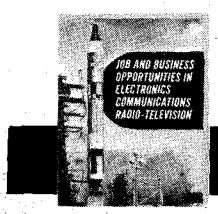

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